Acting Edition

Natasha, Pierre & The Great Comet of 1812

by Dave Malloy

Adapted from *War and Peace*
by Leo Tolstoy

SAMUEL FRENCH

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Second Edition

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NATASHA, PIERRE & THE GREAT COMET OF 1812 was commissioned, developed, and first produced by Ars Nova (Jason Eagan, Artistic Director; Jeremy Blocker, Managing Director) in New York City. Opening night was October 16, 2012. The performance was directed by Rachel Chavkin, with sets by Mimi Lien, costumes by Paloma Young, lights by Bradley King, sound by Matthew Hubbs, and orchestrations and music direction by Dave Malloy. The Production Stage Manager was Trisha Henson. The cast was as follows:

NATASHA.....Phillipa Soo
PIERRE.....Dave Malloy
ANATOLE.....Lucas Steele
SONYA.....Brittain Ashford
MARYA D......Amelia Workman
HÉLÈNE.....Amber Gray
DOLOKHOV.....Nick Choksi
MARY / MAIDSERVANT / OPERA SINGER.....Gelsey Bell
ANDREY / BOLKONSKY.....Blake DeLong
BALAGA / SERVANT / OPERA SINGER.....Paul Pinto

NATASHA, PIERRE & THE GREAT COMET OF 1812 re-opened in New York City Off Broadway at Kazino, a custom-built tent located first in the Meatpacking District and then in Times Square, on May 16, 2013. The production had the same director, designers, and cast, except for the following changes: music direction by Or Matias, choreography by Sam Pinkelton, Grace McLean as **MARYA D.**, Ian Lassiter as **DOLOKHOV**, and Nicholas Belton, Catherine Brookman, Luke Holloway, Azudi Onyejekwe, Mariand Torres, and Lauren Zakrin as **ENSEMBLE**. The Production Stage Manager was Karyn Meek.

NATASHA, PIERRE & THE GREAT COMET OF 1812 opened at A.R.T. in Cambridge, Massachusetts on December 6, 2015. The production was directed by Rachel Chavkin, with choreography by Sam Pinkleton, scenic design by Mimi Lien, costume design by Paloma Young, lighting design by Bradley King, sound design by Matt Hubbs, music direction by Or Matias, and orchestrations by Dave Malloy. The Production Stage Manager was Karyn Meek. The cast was as follows:

NATASHA.....Denée Benton
PIERRE.....Scott Stangland
ANATOLE.....Lucas Steele
SONYA.....Brittain Ashford
MARYA D......Grace McLean
HÉLÈNE.....Lilli Cooper
DOLOKHOV.....Nick Choksi
MARY / MAIDSERVANT / OPERA SINGER.....Gelsey Bell
ANDREY / BOLKONSKY.....Nicholas Belton
BALAGA / SERVANT / OPERA SINGER.....Paul Pinto
ENSEMBLE.....Sumayya Ali, Courtney Bassett, Josh Canfield, Ken Clark, Erica Dorfler, Daniel Emond, Lulu Fall, Ashley Pérez Flanagan, Nick Gaswirth, Azudi Onyejekwe, Pearl Rhein, Heath Saunders, Katrina Yaukey, Lauren Zakrin

NATASHA, PIERRE & THE GREAT COMET OF 1812 opened on Broadway at the Imperial Theatre in New York City on November 14, 2016. The production was directed by Rachel Chavkin, with choreography by Sam Pinkleton, scenic design by Mimi Lien, costume design by Paloma Young, lighting design by Bradley King, sound design by Nicholas Pope, music direction by Or Matias, and orchestrations by Dave Malloy. The Production Stage Manager was Karyn Meek. The cast was as follows:

NATASHA.....Denée Benton
PIERRE.....Josh Groban
ANATOLE.....Lucas Steele
SONYA.....Brittain Ashford
MARYA D......Grace McLean
HÉLÈNE.....Amber Gray
DOLOKHOV.....Nick Choksi
MARY / MAIDSERVANT / OPERA SINGER.....Gelsey Bell
ANDREY / BOLKONSKY.....Nicholas Belton
BALAGA / SERVANT / OPERA SINGER.....Paul Pinto
PIERRE (STANDBY).....Scott Stangland
ENSEMBLE.....Sumayya Ali, Courtney Bassett, Josh Canfield, Ken Clark, Erica Dorfler, Lulu Fall, Ashley Pérez Flanagan, Paloma Garcia-Lee, Nick Gaswirth, Alex Gibson, Billy Joe Kiessling, Mary Spencer Knapp, Reed Luplau, Brandt Martinez, Andrew Mayer, Azudi Onyejekwe, Pearl Rhein, Heath Saunders, Ani Taj, Cathryn Wake, Katrina Yaukey, Lauren Zakrin

NOTE ON THE TRANSLATION

The primary source for the libretto is Aylmer and Louise Maude's 1922 translation; several other translations were also consulted, including those by Anthony Briggs, Richard Pevear & Larissa Volokhonsky, and Constance Garnett.

CHARACTERS

There's a war going on out there somewhere, and **ANDREY** isn't here.

NATASHA is young; she loves Andrey with all her heart.

SONYA is good; Natasha's cousin and closest friend.

MARYA D. is old-school; a grande dame of Moscow. Natasha's godmother, strict yet kind.

ANATOLE is hot; he spends his money on women and wine.

HÉLÈNE is a slut; Anatole's sister, married to Pierre.

DOLOKHOV is fierce (but not too important); Anatole's friend, a crazy good shot.

OLD PRINCE BOLKONSKY is crazy, and **MARY** is plain; Andrey's family – totally messed up.

BALAGA is just for fun.

And what about **PIERRE**? Dear, bewildered, awkward **PIERRE**?

ENSEMBLE / VARIOUS OTHERS (2f, 2m+)

TIME & SETTING

Various locations in 19th-century Russia. The original production used immersive staging to create a 19th-century Russian dinner club/21st-century New York nightclub atmosphere.

PRODUCTION NOTES

In the original Broadway production, actors played many of the instruments, including Pierre on piano, Dolokhov and Andrey on guitar, and Anatole on violin for "The Abduction." While actor-musicians are encouraged, they are not mandatory; please do whatever best suits your performers and production!

BOLKONSKY and **ANDREY** should be played by the same actor. **BALAGA** also plays all **SERVANTS** and an **OPERA SINGER**. **MARY** also plays the **MAIDSERVANT** and an **OPERA SINGER**.

SYNOPSIS

PROLOGUE

Moscow, 1812, just before Napoleon's invasion of Russia and the burning of the city. As the story begins ("Prologue") we meet "Pierre," a wealthy aristocrat having an existential crisis, living a slothful life of wine, philosophy, and inaction.

PART I

Meanwhile, the young, newly engaged Natasha Rostova and her cousin Sonya arrive in "Moscow" to stay the winter with Marya D., Natasha's godmother, while Natasha waits for her fiancé, Andrey, to return from the war. Marya D. tells Natasha that she must visit her future in-laws, the demented, miserly old Prince Bolkonsky and his spinster daughter, Mary ("The Private and Intimate Life of the House"), to win their affection and secure the marriage, which is critical to the Rostovs' status and fortune. However, Natasha's visit ends in disaster ("Natasha & Bolkonskys"), and she leaves missing Andrey more than ever ("No One Else").

PART II

The next night, Natasha is introduced to decadent Moscow society at "The Opera"; there she meets Anatole, a young officer and notorious rogue ("Natasha & Anatole"); their interaction leaves Natasha feeling confused.

PART III

Anatole, his friend Dolokhov, and Pierre go out drinking; they are met by Hélène, (Pierre's wife and Anatole's sister), who taunts Pierre. Anatole declares his intention to have Natasha, although he is already married. Pierre finds his wife's familiarity with Dolokhov offensive and challenges him to a duel, almost getting himself killed ("The Duel"). Afterward, Pierre reflects on his life ("Dust and Ashes"). Natasha and her family go to church ("Sunday Morning"); later, Hélène arrives and invites Natasha to the ball that night ("Charming"), where Anatole seduces Natasha ("The Ball").

INTERMISSION

PART IV

Natasha and Anatole make plans to elope, and Natasha breaks off her engagement with Andrey ("Letters"). Sonya finds out about the plan and realizes it will mean Natasha's ruin ("Sonya & Natasha"); she determines to stop her at any cost ("Sonya Alone"). That evening Anatole and Dolokhov plan for the elopement ("Preparations") and call on their trusted troika driver, "Balaga," to take them to Natasha's house. However, "The Abduction" is thwarted at the last moment by Marya D.

PART V

After scolding a grief-stricken Natasha ("In My House"), Marya D. sends out "A Call to Pierre," asking him to help handle the crisis. Pierre kicks Anatole out of Moscow ("Find Anatole" / "Pierre & Anatole"); Natasha poisons herself ("Natasha Very Ill"); Andrey returns. Pierre explains the scandal to him and asks him to be compassionate, but Andrey is unable to forgive ("Pierre & Andrey"). Finally, Pierre visits Natasha ("Pierre & Natasha"). After their meeting, Pierre experiences a moment of enlightenment while seeing "The Great Comet of 1812" in the night sky.

SCENIC BREAKDOWN

PROLOGUE

1. Prologue (Company)
2. Pierre (Aria and Chorus: Pierre, Company)

PART I

Chapter 1

3. Moscow (Trio: Marya D., Natasha, Sonya)

Chapter 2

4. The Private and Intimate Life of the House (Duet: Bolkonsky, Mary)
5. Natasha & Bolkonskys (Trio: Natasha, Mary, Bolkonsky)
6. No One Else (Aria: Natasha)

PART II

Chapter 3

7. The Opera (Company)
8. Natasha & Anatole (Duet: Natasha, Anatole)

PART III

Chapter 4

9. The Duel (Quartet and Chorus: Pierre, Anatole, Dolokhov, Hélène, Company)
10. Dust and Ashes (Aria: Pierre, with Chorus)

Chapter 5

11. Sunday Morning (Trio: Natasha, Sonya, Marya D.)
12. Charming (Aria: Hélène, with Natasha)

Chapter 6

13. The Ball (Duet: Natasha, Anatole)

PART IV

Chapter 7

14. Letters (Company)

Chapter 8

15. Sonya & Natasha (Duet: Sonya, Natasha)
16. Sonya Alone (Aria: Sonya)

Chapter 9

17. Preparations (Duet: Dolokhov, Anatole, with Pierre)
18. Balaga (Trio and Chorus: Balaga, Anatole, Dolokhov, Company)
19. The Abduction (Company)

PART V

Chapter 10

20. In My House (Trio: Marya D., Natasha, Sonya)
21. A Call to Pierre (Duet: Pierre, Marya D., with Chorus)

Chapter 11

22. Find Anatole (Aria: Pierre, with Natasha, Anatole, Hélène, Chorus)
23. Pierre & Anatole (Duet: Pierre, Anatole)

Chapter 12

24. Natasha Very Ill (Aria: Sonya)
25. Pierre & Andrey (Duet: Pierre, Andrey)

Chapter 13

26. Pierre & Natasha (Duet: Pierre, Natasha)
27. The Great Comet of 1812 (Aria and Chorus: Pierre, Company)

FOREWORD

"Have you read *War and Peace*?" Dave and I were strolling across the grass while in residence upstate on our first gig together. We were still getting to know each other and discussing dream projects. He described his experience reading the novel with a former girlfriend; a long-distance activity to keep them united while he was working on a cruise ship. We talked about the scope of the novel, the humor and bitterness with which it depicts this decadent society, the depravity and spiritual regeneration of its characters. Dave strongly identified with Pierre, the supernaturally large, painfully awkward but beloved illegitimate son of the wealthiest man in Russia. Pierre's story is interwoven with the story of Natasha Rostova, and at the center of the novel the two come crashing together when she almost elopes with Anatole Kuragin. In helping to save the reputation and spirits of this young woman, Pierre saves himself.

When you first meet Natasha in the novel, she is a precocious thirteen-year-old dragging a boy into a corner for a stolen kiss. You're immediately drawn to her, as are so many of the men in the book, including Pierre and his tragic best friend, Andrey. She's headstrong and joy-filled and selfish and philosophical. And in creating the production and character, first with Phillipa Soo and then Denée Benton, it became clear that the audience needed to shift constantly between wanting to throttle her and sweep her up in their arms. Pierre is no less complicated; he is an alcoholic and a mystic, and pathetic and graceful. Both are compelling characters not for their nobility, but for their improbability as moral forces. As these two broken souls find each other at the end of this seventy-page sliver, there's a celestial event: the appearance of the comet of 1812 (which actually appeared in 1811 but Tolstoy renamed for narrative effect). Almost immediately after the events depicted in this piece, Napoleon will invade and Moscow will be burned to the ground. Many of the characters won't live much longer. Like the novel, *Natasha, Pierre & The Great Comet of 1812* is about small humans at sea in the vast confusion of history; their pettiness, their mistakes, and their redemption.

Dave has an uncanny ability to see songs where the rest of us see a sentence. He read these pages and he saw an opera. He read a short chapter about a drunken troika driver named Balaga, and saw a number that would unite audience and performers in a shaking, stomping celebration just before the downfall of our heroine. I likely should say he "heard" all this, but one of my favorite things about Dave as a collaborator is that he writes for performance. At the start of our work, alongside discussing the novel, he told the creative team and I about this magical night he'd experienced while traveling in Russia. He'd found a packed underground cafe, and amidst the crush of tables topped with vodka and dumplings, a string trio madly played while the audience rocked out with handmade shakers. He sat next to the viola, and this close-up musical experience got him thinking about distributing the orchestra all around the room so that each audience member would have a unique aural experience.

Our production, from Ars Nova to the Imperial Theatre, grew up from the seeds of this anecdote. The design team and I wrestled with what we needed to tell Tolstoy's story as imagined by Dave. It was clear that we required a fusion of period and contemporary elements, because it's an old story told with new music. Tolstoy mocks opera, along with many other aristocratic affectations. Dave both captures Tolstoy's skepticism and embraces the form, fusing it with the populist modern American musical. His love for the Dirty Projectors and electronica and Joni Mitchell and Russian drinking songs all found their way into the score. This musical eclecticism necessitated that our production make space for the modern world, particularly during "The Duel," in which the theater turned into a full-blown, strobe-lit, nauseous nightclub. But we also couldn't entirely live in the present. It was vital that the audience release into the 19th-century melodrama, in order to empathize with the central characters. Mimi Lien, our scenic designer, did image research of nightclubs around the world. She and Bradley King, our lighting designer, together developed the look of our chandeliers, inspired in part by research into comets, and in part by the starburst chandeliers at the Metropolitan Opera (which felt satisfying to reference). Paloma Young, our costume designer, sketched dress after jean jacket after dress, as we found a balance between period and "folk-punk." Our sound designer, Nick Pope, and his team sat in nearly every seat during tech as they crafted the individual mix each audience member would hear, paralleling Dave's experience with that viola in Moscow.

In his libretto, Dave preserved Tolstoy's iconic narrative voice. The characters sometimes describe each other in endearing or acidic ways, and occasionally they describe themselves as emotions become particularly heightened or unhinged. This narration allowed us to tell joyful, bold-faced lies to the audience again and again in staging. Perhaps my favorite instance of this was the top of the final song, when Pierre sings, "And I get in to my sleigh," but the performer simply climbs the stairs. Because of the narration, the staging was freed to capture the emotional truth of an event, such as a wild troika ride or Natasha becoming intoxicated by Anatole's attention at the opera, vs. needing to literally represent the story.

Comet was a singular experience for most of us; dozens of us made our Broadway debuts with the show, and it was all the more special because that was never the intention when we began development at the tiny-but-mighty Ars Nova in 2011. There's too many memories to list, and too many people to thank individually, from the original cast and band

members to the incredible crew at the Imperial Theatre on our closing in September 2017. But I do want to acknowledge our producers, particularly Jason Eagan and Jeremy Blocker and everyone at Ars Nova; Diane Paulus and Diane Borger and everyone at A.R.T.; and Howard and Janet Kagan, who never stopped believing it could and should be experienced in a larger space by more humans.

When I think of the show, I think of the final number. It's one of the few bits of staging that remained basically the same from Ars Nova to Broadway. Pierre sings quietly in a nearly darkened space, barely lit by a single glowing light bulb and wondering where to go. As he wanders on, the choir sings in hushed tones, and the glow quietly spreads to the next bulb and the next, each becoming a glittering star. The light then spreads to the chandeliers, which become dim clusters in the Moscow sky. The ensemble is spread throughout the darkness. Whenever I watched the show, at some point during this song, I would close my eyes. I'd listen to the company and picture myself also wandering, lost and found all at once. And then I would open my eyes as Pierre sees the comet for the first time. The creative team and I talked endlessly about how to "do" the comet, and decided that the simplest gesture was the best: a single bulb on a chandelier that maybe the audience hadn't really considered till now. It felt like this matched the performance event Dave wrote; a whole room united around a single light bulb, and a whole community united around these two fragile humans. During the final violent swell of Dave's score, the light also spreads on this chandelier. It becomes blinding (evoking the atomic history of the Met chandeliers), lighting the entire room, including the audience and the ensemble, all of whom are staring at this symbol of death or new life. And then, as the music finds its quiet last harmony, the chandelier fades back to a single bulb, which then goes black with the wave of the music director's hands.

– Rachel Chavkin

To Eliza:
my Natasha, my Sonya,
my Andrey, my Anatole,
and my Comet.

PROLOGUE

1. "PROLOGUE"

(An accordion plays as **ANDREY** *finishes putting on his uniform. He gives a last goodbye to* **NATASHA** *and then leaves.)*

PIERRE.

THERE'S A WAR GOING ON
OUT THERE SOMEWHERE
AND ANDREY ISN'T HERE
THERE'S A WAR GOING ON
OUT THERE SOMEWHERE
AND ANDREY ISN'T HERE

ALL.

THERE'S A WAR GOING ON
OUT THERE SOMEWHERE
AND ANDREY ISN'T HERE
THERE'S A WAR GOING ON
OUT THERE SOMEWHERE
AND ANDREY ISN'T HERE

CONDUCTOR. *Raz dva tri!*

ALL.

AND THIS IS ALL IN YOUR PROGRAM
YOU ARE AT THE OPERA
GONNA HAVE TO STUDY UP A LITTLE BIT
IF YOU WANNA KEEP WITH THE PLOT
CUZ IT'S A COMPLICATED RUSSIAN NOVEL
EVERYONE'S GOT NINE DIFFERENT NAMES
SO LOOK IT UP IN YOUR PROGRAM
WE'D APPRECIATE IT, THANKS A LOT

DA DA DA
DA DA DA
DA DA DA

NATASHA!

NATASHA.

NATASHA IS YOUNG
SHE LOVES ANDREY WITH ALL HER HEART

ALL.

SHE LOVES ANDREY WITH ALL HER HEART
NATASHA IS YOUNG
AND ANDREY ISN'T HERE

SONYA.

SONYA IS GOOD
NATASHA'S COUSIN AND CLOSEST FRIEND

ALL.

NATASHA'S COUSIN AND CLOSEST FRIEND
SONYA IS GOOD
NATASHA IS YOUNG
AND ANDREY ISN'T HERE

MARYA D.

MARYA IS OLD-SCHOOL, A GRANDE DAME OF MOSCOW
NATASHA'S GODMOTHER, STRICT YET KIND

ALL.

NATASHA'S GODMOTHER, STRICT YET KIND
MARYA IS OLD-SCHOOL
SONYA IS GOOD
NATASHA IS YOUNG
AND ANDREY ISN'T HERE

AND THIS IS ALL IN YOUR PROGRAM
YOU ARE AT THE OPERA
GONNA HAVE TO STUDY UP A LITTLE BIT
IF YOU WANNA KEEP WITH THE PLOT
CUZ IT'S A COMPLICATED RUSSIAN NOVEL
EVERYONE'S GOT NINE DIFFERENT NAMES
SO LOOK IT UP IN YOUR PROGRAM
WE'D APPRECIATE IT, THANKS A LOT
DA DA DA

DA DA DA
DA DA DA

ANATOLE!

ANATOLE.

ANATOLE IS HOT
HE SPENDS HIS MONEY ON WOMEN AND WINE

ALL.

HE SPENDS HIS MONEY ON WOMEN AND WINE
ANATOLE IS HOT
MARYA IS OLD-SCHOOL
SONYA IS GOOD
NATASHA IS YOUNG
AND ANDREY ISN'T HERE

HÉLÈNE.

HÉLÈNE IS A SLUT
ANATOLE'S SISTER, MARRIED TO PIERRE

ALL.

ANATOLE'S SISTER, MARRIED TO PIERRE
HÉLÈNE IS A SLUT
ANATOLE IS HOT
MARYA IS OLD-SCHOOL
SONYA IS GOOD
NATASHA IS YOUNG
AND ANDREY ISN'T HERE

DOLOKHOV.

DOLOKHOV IS FIERCE, BUT NOT TOO IMPORTANT
ANATOLE'S FRIEND, A CRAZY GOOD SHOT

ALL.

ANATOLE'S FRIEND, A CRAZY GOOD SHOT
DOLOKHOV IS FIERCE
HÉLÈNE IS A SLUT
ANATOLE IS HOT
MARYA IS OLD-SCHOOL
SONYA IS GOOD
NATASHA IS YOUNG
AND ANDREY ISN'T HERE

CHANDELIERS AND CAVIAR

THE WAR CAN'T TOUCH US HERE

MINOR CHARACTERS!

BOLKONSKY.

OLD PRINCE BOLKONSKY IS CRAZY

MARY.

AND MARY IS PLAIN

MARY & BOLKONSKY.

ANDREY'S FAMILY, TOTALLY MESSED UP

BALAGA.

AND BALAGA'S JUST FOR FUN!

ALL.

BALAGA'S JUST FOR FUN!

BALAGA IS FUN
BOLKONSKY IS CRAZY
MARY IS PLAIN
DOLOKHOV IS FIERCE
HÉLÈNE IS A SLUT
ANATOLE IS HOT
MARYA IS OLD-SCHOOL
SONYA IS GOOD
NATASHA IS YOUNG
AND ANDREY ISN'T HERE

AND WHAT ABOUT PIERRE?
DEAR, BEWILDERED AND AWKWARD PIERRE?
WHAT ABOUT PIERRE?
RICH, UNHAPPILY MARRIED PIERRE?
WHAT ABOUT PIERRE?
WHAT ABOUT PIERRE?
WHAT ABOUT PIERRE?

2. "PIERRE"

PIERRE.

IT'S DAWNED ON ME SUDDENLY
AND FOR NO OBVIOUS REASON
THAT I CAN'T GO ON
LIVING AS I AM

THE ZEST OF LIFE HAS VANISHED
ONLY THE SKELETON REMAINS
UNEXPECTEDLY VILE
I USED TO BE BETTER

CHORUS.

AH...

OH PIERRE! OUR MERRY FEASTING CRANK
OUR MOST DEAR, MOST KIND, MOST SMART
AND ECCENTRIC
A WARM-HEARTED RUSSIAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL
HIS PURSE IS ALWAYS EMPTY
CUZ IT'S OPEN TO ALL
OH PIERRE
JUST ONE OF A HUNDRED SAD OLD MEN
LIVING OUT THEIR FINAL DAYS IN MOSCOW

PIERRE.

I DRINK TOO MUCH
RIGHT NOW, MY FRIEND FIGHTS AND BLEEDS
AND I SIT AT HOME AND READ
HOURS AT A TIME
HOURS AT MY SCREEN
ANYTHING, ANYTHING
ABANDONED TO DISTRACTION
IN ORDER TO FORGET
WE WASTE OUR LIVES
DROWNING IN WINE

I NEVER THOUGHT THAT I'D
END UP LIKE THIS
I USED TO BE BETTER

AND THE WOMEN THEY ALL PITY ME

CUZ I'M MARRIED
BUT NOT IN LOVE
FROZEN AT THE CENTER

WOMEN.

IL EST CHARMANT; IL N'A PAS DE SEXE
HE IS CHARMING; HE HAS NO SEX

CHORUS.

OH PIERRE! OUR MERRY FEASTING CRANK
OUR MOST DEAR, MOST KIND, MOST SMART
AND ECCENTRIC
A WARM-HEARTED RUSSIAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL
HIS PURSE IS ALWAYS EMPTY
CUZ IT'S OPEN TO ALL
OH PIERRE
JUST ONE OF A HUNDRED SAD OLD MEN
LIVING OUT THEIR FINAL DAYS IN MOSCOW

PIERRE.

THERE'S A RINGING IN MY HEAD
THERE'S A SICKNESS IN THE WORLD
AND EVERYONE KNOWS
BUT PRETENDS THAT THEY DON'T SEE
"OH, I'LL SORT IT OUT LATER"
BUT LATER NEVER COMES

PIERRE & MEN.

AND HOW MANY MEN BEFORE
GOOD RUSSIAN MEN
BELIEVING IN GOODNESS AND TRUTH

PIERRE.

ENTERED THAT DOOR
WITH ALL THEIR TEETH AND HAIR
AND LEFT IT TOOTHLESS AND BALD

YOU EMPTY AND STUPID
CONTENTED FELLOWS
SATISFIED WITH YOUR PLACE
I'M DIFFERENT FROM YOU
I'M DIFFERENT FROM YOU
I STILL WANT TO DO SOMETHING

OR DO YOU STRUGGLE TOO?
I PITY YOU, I PITY ME, I PITY YOU
I PITY YOU, I PITY ME, I PITY YOU

CHORUS.

AH...

PART I

Chapter 1

3. "MOSCOW"

PIERRE. *Raz dva tri!*

*(***NATASHA** *and* **SONYA** *arrive on sleighs.)*

NATASHA.
MARYA DMITRYEVNA AKHROSIMOVA

MARYA D.
COUNTESS NATALYA ILYINICHNA ROSTOVA

NATASHA.
YOU MUST CALL ME NATASHA

SONYA.
MARYA DMITRYEVNA AKHROSIMOVA

MARYA D.
SOFIA ALEXANDROVNA ROSTOVA

SONYA.
YOU MUST CALL ME SONYA

MARYA D.
WELCOME
WELCOME TO MOSCOW
WHERE FADED AND FADING PRINCESSES LIVE
I'LL TAKE YOU WHERE YOU MUST GO
PET YOU A BIT
AND I'LL SCOLD YOU A BIT
MY GODDAUGHTER, MY FAVORITE, NATASHA
I WILL TOUCH YOU ON THE CHEEK

NATASHA & SONYA.
MY COUSIN AND I
ARE SO PLEASED TO BE WITH YOU
WHILE WE WAIT ON OUR FIANCÉS
FIGHTING IN THE WAR

MARYA D.
BRING IN THEIR THINGS!
WHAT ARE YOU DAWDLING FOR?
GET THE SAMOVAR READY!
YOU'RE HALF FROZEN, I'M SURE!
BRING SOME RUM FOR THE TEA!
SONYUSHKA BONJOUR
AND NATASHA MY DARLING
YOU'VE GROWN PLUMPER AND PRETTIER

NATASHA.
MY CHEEKS ARE GLOWING FROM THE COLD

SONYA.
SHE SAID
GAZING AT MARYA WITH KIND, GLITTERING EYES

MARYA D.
WELCOME
WELCOME TO MOSCOW
SCRUFFY AND COZY.
LIKE AN OLD DRESSING GOWN

SONYA.
COUNTESS NATALYA

NATASHA.
SOFIA ALEXANDROVNA

SONYA.
HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU LOOKED IN THE SNOW

NATASHA.
COUSIN DEAR I LOVE YOU
TRUST NO ONE BUT YOU
BUT I CAN'T BEAR THIS WAITING
I CRY AND I CRY
ANDREY WHERE ARE YOU?
I WANT HIM NOW, AT ONCE

TO EMBRACE HIM AND CLING TO HIM
NO ONE CAN UNDERSTAND

I LOVE HIM
I KNOW HIM
HE LOVES ME ONLY
HE'LL COME HOME ONE DAY
AND TAKE ME AWAY
I WANT NOTHING MORE
I WANT NOTHING MORE
HMMM...

MARYA D.
FIRST THING TOMORROW TO MADAME CHAMBORD'S
DRESSES, DRESSES, WE'LL BUY WHAT WE CAN AFFORD
THEN DINNER AND A GAME OF BOSTON
THEN YOU'LL READ TO ME WHILE I KNIT!
HOW WONDERFUL TO HAVE YOU HERE
INSTEAD OF THESE GOSSIPS AND CRYBABIES

NATASHA & SONYA.
YOU'LL TAKE US WHERE WE MUST GO
PET US A BIT
AND SCOLD US A BIT

SONYA.
HER GODDAUGHTER, HER FAVORITE, NATASHA
SHE WILL TOUCH YOU ON THE CHEEK

*(**SONYA** leaves.)*

MARYA D.
WELL, NOW WE'LL TALK
I CONGRATULATE YOU AND ANDREY
YOU'VE HOOKED A FINE FELLOW!
ONE OF THE FINEST MATCHES IN ALL OF RUSSIA
I AM GLAD AND RELIEVED
HE'LL BE THE FAMILY'S SAVING GRACE

NATASHA.
I BLUSH HAPPILY

MARYA D.
BUT HIS FATHER, PRINCE BOLKONSKY,
MUCH DISLIKES HIS SON'S MARRYING

THE OLD FELLOW'S CROTCHETY!
OF COURSE PRINCE ANDREY'S NOT A CHILD
BUT IT'S NOT NICE TO ENTER A FAMILY
AGAINST A FATHER'S WILL
ONE WANTS TO DO IT PEACEFULLY AND LOVINGLY
BUT YOU'RE A CLEVER GIRL
JUST BE KIND TO ANDREY'S SISTER
AND WHEN THE SISTER LOVES YOU
SO WILL THE FATHER
AND ALL WILL BE WELL

Chapter 2

4. "THE PRIVATE AND INTIMATE LIFE OF THE HOUSE"

BOLKONSKY.
I'VE AGED
I'VE AGED SO VERY MUCH
I FALL ASLEEP AT THE TABLE
MY NAPKIN DROPS TO THE FLOOR

I'M FULL OF CHILDISH VANITIES
I FORGET THINGS
AND I LIVE IN THE PAST
I'VE AGED SO VERY MUCH

PEOPLE ENJOY ME THOUGH
I COME IN FOR TEA IN MY OLD-FASHIONED COAT AND POWDERED WIG
AND I TELL STORIES
AND UTTER SCATHING CRITIQUES
THIS STERN, SHREWD OLD MAN
A RELIC OF THE PAST CENTURY.
WITH HIS GENTLE DAUGHTER
SUCH A MAJESTIC AND AGREEABLE SPECTACLE

MARY.
BUT BESIDES THE COUPLE OF HOURS DURING WHICH WE HAVE GUESTS
THERE ARE ALSO TWENTY-TWO HOURS IN THE DAY
DURING WHICH THE PRIVATE AND INTIMATE LIFE OF THE HOUSE CONTINUES

BOLKONSKY.
BRING ME MY SLIPPERS

MARY.
YES FATHER YES FATHER

BOLKONSKY.
BRING ME MY WINE

MARY.
YES FATHER YES FATHER
BOLKONSKY.
IF YOU'RE NOT TOO BUSY
FIDDLING WITH YOUR INCENSE AND ICONS?
MARY.
NO FATHER NO FATHER
AND I HAVE NO FRIENDS
NO, NEVER GO ANYWHERE
NEVER INVITED
FOR WHO WOULD TAKE CARE OF HIM
BOLKONSKY.
I CAN HURT YOU
BOTH.
I CAN HURT YOU
MARY.
BUT I NEVER EVER EVER EVER WOULD
NO FATHER
I LOVE YOU FATHER

AND TIME MOVES ON
AND MY FATE SLIPS PAST
AND NOTHING EVER HAPPENS TO ME
AND COUNTESS NATALYA ROSTOVA IS COMING FOR TEA
NATASHA.
I KNOW THEY'LL LIKE ME
EVERYONE HAS ALWAYS LIKED ME
BOLKONSKY.
NATASHA IS YOUNG
AND WORTHLESS AND DUMB
MARY.
AND TIME MOVES ON
AND MY FATE SLIPS PAST
IS THIS ALL I'LL MAKE OF MY LIFE?
WILL I NEVER BE HAPPY?
WILL I NEVER BE ANYONE'S WIFE?
BOLKONSKY.
AH, WHAT'S THIS? A YOUNG SUITOR!

AH, COME IN, COME IN
BUT DON'T SIT DOWN, DON'T SIT DOWN
I'M COLD TO YOU
YES I'M MEAN TO YOU

NOW BE GONE, BE GONE, BE GONE!
AND DON'T COME BACK!

OH, MAYBE I'LL MARRY SOMEONE MYSELF
SOME CHEAP FRENCH THING
OH THAT OFFENDS YOU DOES IT?
AH, COME IN MY DEAR
COME IN MY DEAR, COME IN
MARY.
AND HE DRAWS HER TO HIM
AND HE KISSES HER HAND
EMBRACES HER AFFECTIONATELY
AND I FLUSH AND RUN OUT OF THE ROOM
BOLKONSKY.
COME BACK HERE
LET AN OLD MAN HAVE HIS FUN
MARY.
BUT SHE'S USING YOU PAPA
WANTS YOUR MONEY PAPA!
TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOUR WEAKNESS LIKE THAT
IT'S DISGUSTING
MY VOICE BREAKS
BOLKONSKY.
IT'S MY MONEY AND I'LL THROW IT WHERE I WANT
NOT AT YOU!
AND NOT AT ANDREY'S HARLOT!

INSOLENT GIRL!
INSOLENT GIRL!
WHERE –
WHERE –

WHERE ARE MY GLASSES?
WHERE ARE THEY?
WHERE ARE MY GLASSES?

OH GOD –
OH GOD I'M FRIGHTENED
OH GOD I'VE AGED SO VERY MUCH

WHERE ARE MY GLASSES?
WHERE ARE MY GLASSES?

MARY.

THEY ARE THERE UPON HIS HEAD
THE PRIDE OF SACRIFICE,
GATHERS IN MY SOUL

AND HE FORGETS THINGS
HE FALLS ASLEEP AT THE TABLE
HIS NAPKIN DROPS TO THE FLOOR
HIS SHAKING HEAD
SINKS OVER HIS PLATE

HE IS OLD AND FEEBLE
AND I DARE TO JUDGE HIM
I DISGUST MYSELF
I DISGUST MYSELF

5. "NATASHA & BOLKONSKYS"

SERVANT.

MAY I PRESENT THE COUNTESS
NATALYA ROSTOVA

MARY.

OH
OH, HELLO
WON'T YOU COME IN?

NATASHA.

HELLO

*(**NATASHA** and **MARY** awkwardly move to a table in silence.)*

MARY.

AND FROM THE FIRST GLANCE I DO NOT LIKE NATASHA
TOO FASHIONABLY DRESSED
FRIVOLOUS AND VAIN
HER BEAUTY, YOUTH, AND HAPPINESS
MY BROTHER'S LOVE FOR HER
AND MY FATHER –

BOLKONSKY.

I DO NOT WISH TO SEE HER!

MARY.

I KNOW AT ANY MOMENT HE MIGHT INDULGE IN SOME FREAK

NATASHA.

I'M SORRY THE PRINCE IS STILL AILING

BOLKONSKY.

SONGSTRESS!

NATASHA.

I AM NOT AFRAID OF ANYONE

BUT SUCH HESITATION
SUCH UNNATURAL MANNERS

AND FROM THE FIRST GLANCE I DO NOT LIKE PRINCESS MARY
TOO PLAIN AND AFFECTED

INSOLENT AND DRY
I SHRINK INTO MYSELF
ASSUME AN OFFHAND AIR

MARY.

WHICH ALIENATES ME STILL MORE

NATASHA & MARY.

CONSTRAINED AND STRAINED
CONSTRAINED AND STRAINED
CONSTRAINED AND STRAINED
IRKSOME
IRKSOME

*(***BOLKONSKY** *enters in his underthings.)*

BOLKONSKY.

OH!

MARY.

PAPA!

BOLKONSKY.

OH, SO THIS IS NATASHA
NOT MUCH TO LOOK AT
SAYS THE MEAN OLD MAN IN HIS UNDERTHINGS
I NEVER DRESS FOR CHILDREN OR PEASANTS
SAYS THE MEAN OLD MAN IN HIS UNDERTHINGS

MARY.

AND HE LOOKED AT HER ONCE
HEAD TO TOE
AND LEFT MUTTERING

NATASHA.

I MUST TAKE MY LEAVE

MARY.

PLEASE WAIT –
DEAR NATALIE
I WANT YOU TO KNOW HOW GLAD I AM MY BROTHER HAS FOUND HAPPINESS

NATASHA.

IS THAT THE TRUTH?
I THINK IT IS NOT CONVENIENT TO SPEAK OF THAT NOW

DEAR PRINCESS

MARY.

SHE SAID
WITH SUCH DIGNITY AND COLDNESS

NATASHA.

WHAT HAVE I SAID, WHAT HAVE I DONE?
CRYING LIKE A CHILD
OH, THEY WERE SO AWFUL!
OH, IT ALL HURTS SO TERRIBLY
ANDREY
WHERE ARE YOU?

6. "NO ONE ELSE"

NATASHA.

THE MOON –

FIRST TIME I HEARD YOUR VOICE
MOONLIGHT BURST INTO THE ROOM
AND I SAW YOUR EYES
AND I SAW YOUR SMILE
AND THE WORLD OPENED WIDE
AND THE WORLD WAS INSIDE OF ME

AND I CATCH MY BREATH
AND I LAUGH AND BLUSH
AND I HEAR GUITARS
YOU ARE SO GOOD FOR ME

I LOVE YOU I LOVE YOU I LOVE YOU I LOVE YOU
I LOVE YOU

OH THE MOON
OH THE SNOW IN THE MOONLIGHT
AND YOUR CHILDLIKE EYES
AND YOUR DISTANT SMILE
I'LL NEVER BE THIS HAPPY AGAIN
YOU AND I
AND NO ONE ELSE

WE'VE DONE THIS ALL BEFORE
WE WERE ANGELS ONCE
DON'T YOU REMEMBER?
JOY AND LIFE
INSIDE OUR SOULS,
AND NOBODY KNOWS
JUST YOU AND ME
IT'S OUR SECRET

THIS WINTER SKY
HOW CAN ANYONE SLEEP?
THERE WAS NEVER SUCH A NIGHT BEFORE!
I FEEL LIKE PUTTING MY ARMS ROUND MY KNEES
AND SQUEEZING TIGHT AS POSSIBLE

AND FLYING AWAY
LIKE THIS...

OH THE MOON
OH THE SNOW IN THE MOONLIGHT
AND YOUR CHILDLIKE EYES
AND YOUR DISTANT SMILE
I'LL NEVER BE THIS HAPPY AGAIN
YOU AND I
YOU AND I
YOU AND I
AND NO ONE ELSE

MAYBE HE'LL COME TODAY
MAYBE HE CAME ALREADY
AND HE'S SITTING IN THE DRAWING ROOM
AND I SIMPLY FORGOT

PART II

Chapter 3

7. "THE OPERA"

MARYA D.

THE OPERA, THE OPERA!
STOP MOONING AND MOANING, WE'LL MISS THE CURTAIN!

SERVANT.

LADIES
WELCOME TO THE OPERA

SONYA.

BARE ARMS AND SHOULDERS
BRILLIANT UNIFORMS
PEARLS AND SILK
GLITTERING BEFORE OUR EYES
FEMININE ENVY
A WHOLE CROWD OF MEMORIES
DESIRES AND EMOTIONS
NATASHA, SMOOTH YOUR GOWN

CHORUS.

NATASHA, SMOOTH YOUR GOWN

NATASHA.

LOOKING IN THE GLASS
I SEE I AM PRETTY
NOT A GIRL ANYMORE
I'VE NEVER FELT LIKE THIS BEFORE
HUNDREDS OF EYES
LOOKING AT MY BARE ARMS

MY BARE ARMS AND NECK
MY BARE ARMS AND SHOULDERS

CHORUS.

THE TWO REMARKABLY PRETTY GIRLS
HAD NOT BEEN SEEN IN MOSCOW IN MANY YEARS
EVERYBODY KNEW VAGUELY OF NATASHA'S ENGAGEMENT
ONE OF THE FINEST MATCHES IN ALL OF RUSSIA

SONYA.

LOOK, THERE'S ALEXEY, HOME FROM THE WAR AT LAST

MARYA D.

HE HAS CHANGED
DEAR ME, MICHAEL KIRILOVICH HAS GROWN STILL STOUTER!

CHORUS.

THERE'S BORIS AND JULIE, ENGAGED
AND ANNA MIKHAYLOVNA, WHAT A HEADDRESS SHE HAS ON!

HÉLÈNE.

AND IS THAT NATASHA?

CHORUS.

AND IS THAT NATASHA
AND IS THAT NATASHA

NATASHA.

THEY ARE LOOKING AT ME
THEY ARE TALKING ABOUT ME!
THEY ALL LIKE ME SO MUCH
THE WOMEN ENVIOUS
THE MEN CALMING THEIR JEALOUSY

SERVANT.

ANNOUNCING FEDYA DOLOKHOV
HE DOMINATES MOSCOW'S MOST BRILLIANT YOUNG MEN
HE STANDS IN FULL VIEW,
WELL AWARE HE'S ATTRACTING ATTENTION
YET AS MUCH AT EASE AS THOUGH HE WERE IN HIS OWN ROOM

MARYA D.

DOLOKHOV WAS IN THE CAUCASUS

AND HE KILLED THE SHAH'S BROTHER!
NOW ALL THE MOSCOW LADIES ARE MAD ABOUT HIM
DOLOKHOV THE ASSASSIN!

SERVANT.

ANNOUNCING COUNTESS HÉLÈNE BEZUKHOVA
THE QUEEN OF SOCIETY
BEAUTIFUL, BARELY CLOTHED
PLUMP BARE SHOULDERS, AND MUCH EXPOSED NECK
ROUND WHICH SHE WEARS A DOUBLE STRING OF PEARLS

CHORUS.

HÉLÈNE AND DOLOKHOV, ARM IN ARM
PIERRE THE CUCKOLD SITS AT HOME
PIERRE THE CUCKOLD SITS AT HOME
THE POOR MAN

PIERRE.

NO, I AM ENJOYING MYSELF AT HOME THIS EVENING

NATASHA.

OH, THAT NECK
OH, THOSE PEARLS

HÉLÈNE.

SO BEAUTIFUL
WHAT A CHARMING YOUNG GIRL
SO ENCHANTING

NATASHA.

I BLUSH SCARLET

MARYA D.

COUNTESS BEZUKHOVA, PIERRE'S WIFE
HAVE YOU BEEN HERE LONG?
AND WHERE IS DEAR PIERRE?
HE NEVER USED TO FORGET US

NATASHA.

YES PIERRE, THAT GOOD MAN
A LITTLE SAD, A LITTLE STOUT
HE MUST COME VISIT US

HÉLÈNE.

I WILL IMPLORE HIM TO DO SO

MARYA D.
THERE'S A WOMAN ONE SHOULD STAY FAR AWAY FROM
NOW NATASHA
THE CURTAIN RISES

CHORUS.
THE CURTAIN RISES

NATASHA.
EVERYONE IN THE BOXES AND THE STALLS BECAME SILENT
ALL THE MEN, OLD AND YOUNG, IN UNIFORM AND EVENING DRESS
ALL THE WOMEN IN THE HALL
WITH GEMS ON THEIR BARE FLESH
TURNED THEIR WHOLE ATTENTION
WITH CURIOSITY TO THE STAGE

(Two **SINGERS** *perform a scene from an avant-garde opera. It is grotesque and amazing.)*

GROTESQUE AND AMAZING
I CANNOT FOLLOW THE OPERA
OR EVEN LISTEN TO THE MUSIC
I SEE PAINTED CARDBOARD
QUEERLY DRESSED ACTORS
MOVING AND SINGING SO STRANGELY IN THE LIGHTS
SO FALSE AND UNNATURAL
I'M ASHAMED AND AMUSED
AND EVERYONE ELSE SEEMS OBLIVIOUS
YES EVERYONE FEIGNS DELIGHT

SONYA.
AND FEELING THE FLOOD OF BRILLIANT LIGHTS
THE WARM PERFUMED AIR HEATED BY THE CROWD
NATASHA LITTLE BY LITTLE
BEGAN TO PASS INTO A STATE OF INTOXICATION

*(***NATASHA** *joins the singers in the opera.)*

NATASHA.
OH I'D TICKLE YOU ALL IF I COULD
OH I'D TICKLE YOU ALL IF I COULD

SONYA.
AND THEN
A RUSH OF COLD AIR

NATASHA & SONYA.
AN EXCEPTIONALLY HANDSOME MAN WALKED IN
WITH A CONFIDENT YET COURTEOUS AIR

HÉLÈNE.
THIS WAS HÉLÈNE'S BROTHER
ANATOLE KURAGIN
HE MOVED WITH A SWAGGER
WHICH WOULD HAVE BEEN RIDICULOUS
HAD HE NOT BEEN SO GOOD-LOOKING
AND THOUGH IT WAS THE MIDDLE OF THE ACT
HE WALKED RIGHT DOWN THE AISLE
HIS SWORD AND SPURS JANGLING
HIS HANDSOME PERFUMED HEAD HELD HIGH
AND HE LOOKED RIGHT AT NATASHA

ANATOLE.
MAIS CHARMANTE

HÉLÈNE.
AND HE TOOK HIS PLACE IN THE FRONT ROW NEXT TO DOLOKHOV

NATASHA.
HOW HANDSOME HE IS
HOW INTOXICATING

SONYA.
IN THE SECOND ACT THERE WERE TOMBSTONES
THE MOON OVER THE FOOTLIGHTS
HORNS AND CONTRABASS
BLACK CLOAKS AND DAGGERS IN THEIR HANDS

NATASHA.
I TURN AROUND AGAIN AND OUR EYES MEET
HE GAZES STRAIGHT INTO MY EYES
HE IS TALKING ABOUT ME

SONYA.
CANDLES BURNING
A CRIMSON THRONE

THE TSAR WAILS A MOURNFUL TUNE
THEY ALL WAVE THEIR ARMS
AND EVERYBODY CHEERS
"BRAVO, BRAVO!"

NATASHA.

EVERY TIME I LOOK AT HIM
HE'S LOOKING AT ME
EVERY TIME I LOOK AT HIM
HE'S LOOKING AT ME
EVERY TIME I LOOK AT HIM

SONYA.

A TERRIBLE NOISE, A CLATTER IN THE CROWD
A STORM OF CHROMATIC SCALES AND DIMINISHED SEVENTHS
WITH RAPTUROUS FACES EVERYONE WAS SHOUTING
SCREAMING AND SHOUTING, "BRAVO!"

CHORUS.

BRAVO, BRAVO
BRAVO, BRAVO
BRAVO, BRAVO

SONYA.

AND THEN
A RUSH OF COLD AIR
AND ANATOLE ENTERED THE BOX

8. "NATASHA & ANATOLE"

ANATOLE.

I HAVE LONG WISHED TO HAVE THIS HAPPINESS
EVER SINCE THE NARYSHKINS' BALL
WHERE I HAD THE WELL-REMEMBERED PLEASURE OF SEEING YOU
HOW DO YOU LIKE THE PERFORMANCE?
LAST WEEK SEMONOVA FELL DOWN ON THE STAGE

NATASHA.

HE IS SENSIBLE AND SIMPLE
BOLD AND NATURAL
SO STRANGE AND AGREEABLE
THERE IS NOTHING FORMIDABLE
HIS SMILE IS MOST NAIVE
CHEERFUL AND GOOD-NATURED
AND HE'S AS HANDSOME UP CLOSE AS AT A DISTANCE
AND HE'S AS HANDSOME UP CLOSE AS AT A DISTANCE

ANATOLE.

AND DO YOU KNOW, NATASHA
WE ARE HAVING A COSTUME TOURNAMENT SOON
YOU OUGHT TO COME, PLEASE COME!

NATASHA.

OH –

ANATOLE.

YOU OUGHT TO COME, PLEASE COME!

NATASHA.

OH I –

ANATOLE.

AND I NEVER REMOVE MY SMILING EYES
FROM YOUR FACE, YOUR NECK, YOUR BARE ARMS
AND I NEVER REMOVE MY SMILING EYES
FROM YOUR FACE, YOUR NECK, YOUR BARE ARMS

NATASHA.

I KNOW FOR CERTAIN THAT HE IS TAKEN WITH ME
I KNOW FOR CERTAIN THAT HE IS ENRAPTURED BY ME
I FEEL HIM LOOKING AT MY SHOULDERS

MY FACE, MY NECK, MY BARE ARMS

ANATOLE.

AND I LOOK YOU IN THE EYE

NATASHA & ANATOLE.

AND I LOOK YOU IN THE EYE

NATASHA.

AND LOOKING INTO HIS EYES
I AM FRIGHTENED
THERE'S NOT THAT BARRIER OF MODESTY
I'VE ALWAYS FELT WITH MEN
I FEEL SO TERRIBLY NEAR
I FEAR THAT HE MAY SEIZE ME FROM BEHIND
AND KISS ME ON THE NECK

HOW DO YOU LIKE MOSCOW?

ANATOLE.

AT FIRST I DID NOT LIKE IT MUCH
BECAUSE WHAT MAKES A TOWN PLEASANT
CE SONT LES JOLIES FEMMES
ISN'T THAT SO?
BUT NOW I LIKE IT VERY MUCH INDEED
DO COME TO THE COSTUME TOURNAMENT COUNTESS
DO COME!
YOU WILL BE THE PRETTIEST THERE
YOU WILL BE THE PRETTIEST THERE
DO COME, DEAR COUNTESS, AND GIVE ME THIS FLOWER
AS A PLEDGE

WE ARE SPEAKING OF MOST ORDINARY THINGS

NATASHA.

YET I FEEL CLOSER TO YOU THAN I'VE EVER FELT WITH
ANY OTHER MAN
NO ONE ELSE IS HERE
NO ONE ELSE CAN SEE US
YOUR EYES
YOUR EYES
YOUR EYES
OH YOUR EYES

ANATOLE.

IT'S ALL RIGHT, NATASHA, I'M HERE

NATASHA & ANATOLE.

SO NEAR
NOTHING BETWEEN US

SMILE AT ME
THERE IS NOTHING BETWEEN US

PART III

Chapter 4

9. "THE DUEL"

*(**ANATOLE** leaves the opera and heads home to Pierre's house.)*

ANATOLE.
GOOD EVENING PIERRE
STUDYING?

PIERRE.
YES. HOW WAS THE OPERA?

ANATOLE.
LOVELY
NATALYA ROSTOVA WAS THERE

PIERRE.
OH, OH DEAR ANDREY'S BETROTHED?
I HAVE KNOWN HER FAMILY FOR YEARS
AND LONG CARRIED AFFECTION FOR HER

ANATOLE.
YES, CHARMING
LOOK, DOLOKHOV'S COMING ROUND AND WE ARE OFF TO THE CLUB
WILL YOU COME OLD MAN?

PIERRE.
I WILL COME

ANATOLE.
LEND ME FIFTY RUBLES?

*(**DOLOKHOV** arrives with many bottles of vodka.)*

DOLOKHOV.

DRINK DRINK
GONNA DRINK TONIGHT
GONNA DRINK TONIGHT
GONNA DRINK
GONNA DRINK
GONNA DRINK TONIGHT
GONNA DRINK TONIGHT
GONNA DRINK TONIGHT
GONNA

DOLOKHOV, ANATOLE & PIERRE.

DRINK DRINK
GONNA DRINK TONIGHT
GONNA DRINK TONIGHT
GONNA
GONNA DRINK
GONNA DRINK TONIGHT
GONNA DRINK TONIGHT
GONNA DRINK TONIGHT

(They drink and dance.)

ALL. *Raz dva tri!*

DRINK WITH ME MY LOVE
FOR THERE'S FIRE IN THE SKY
AND THERE'S ICE ON THE GROUND
EITHER WAY MY SOUL WILL DIE
WHOA...

PIERRE.

THE DOCTORS WARN ME
THAT WITH MY CORPULENCE

A FEW CLUBBERS.

CORPULENCE

PIERRE.

VODKA AND WINE ARE DANGEROUS FOR ME
BUT I DRINK A GREAT DEAL

ONLY QUITE AT EASE
AFTER POURING SEVERAL GLASSES
MECHANICALLY INTO MY LARGE MOUTH

ALL.

THEN I FEEL
A PLEASANT WARMTH IN MY BODY
A SENTIMENTAL ATTACHMENT TO MY FELLOW MEN

*(**HÉLÈNE** arrives and sidles up to **DOLOKHOV**.)*

HÉLÈNE.

KEEP DRINKING OLD MAN

ANATOLE & DOLOKHOV.

KEEP DRINKING OLD MAN

HÉLÈNE, ANATOLE & DOLOKHOV.

DRINK THE WHOLE NIGHT THROUGH
KEEP DRINKING OLD MAN

ALL.

KEEP DRINKING OLD MAN
DRINK THE WHOLE NIGHT THROUGH
KEEP DRINKING OLD MAN

*(**PIERRE** continues to drink, too much.)*

ANATOLE.

NATASHA, NATASHA
HER ARMS, HER SHOULDERS
HER NECK, HER FEET

HÉLÈNE.

THE AIR OF A CONNOISSEUR

ANATOLE.

I WILL MAKE LOVE TO HER

DOLOKHOV.

BETTER NOT, MONSIEUR
SHE'S FIRST-RATE
BUT NOTHING BUT TROUBLE

DOLOKHOV & HÉLÈNE.

BETTER WAIT 'TIL SHE'S MARRIED

DOLOKHOV.

ANATOLE IS A MARRIED MAN

A FACT KNOWN ONLY TO HIS INTIMATES
A POLISH LANDOWNER OF SOME SMALL MEANS
HAD FORCED HIM TO MARRY HIS DAUGHTER

ANATOLE.

NEVERMIND ABOUT THAT NOW
IT DOESN'T MATTER, I DON'T GIVE A DAMN
JUST AS A DUCK IS MADE TO SWIM IN WATER
GOD HAS MADE ME AS I AM
ALL I CARE FOR IS GAIETY AND WOMEN
AND THERE'S NO DISHONOR IN THAT
AS LONG AS THERE'S MONEY AND VODKA
I'LL KEEP A FEATHER IN MY HAT

ALL.

WHOA...

PIERRE.

I USED TO LOVE
I USED TO LOVE
I USED TO BE BETTER

CHORUS.

KEEP DRINKING OLD MAN

HÉLÈNE.

YES DRINK DRINK DRINK
GOD, TO THINK I MARRIED A MAN LIKE YOU

PIERRE.

DON'T SPEAK TO ME, WIFE
THERE IS SOMETHING INSIDE ME

HÉLÈNE.

DOLOKHOV POUR ME ANOTHER

PIERRE.

SOMETHING TERRIBLE AND MONSTROUS

DOLOKHOV.

HERE'S TO THE HEALTH OF MARRIED WOMEN!
AND A SMILE LURKS AT THE CORNER OF MY MOUTH
HERE'S TO THE HEALTH OF MARRIED WOMEN, AND
THEIR LOVERS!

DOLOKHOV & CHORUS.

HERE'S TO THE HEALTH OF MARRIED WOMEN!

HERE'S TO THE HEALTH OF MARRIED WOMEN, AND
THEIR LOVERS!
HERE'S TO THE HEALTH OF MARRIED WOMEN!
HERE'S TO THE HEALTH OF MARRIED WOMEN, AND
THEIR LOVERS!

PIERRE.

HOW DARE YOU TOUCH HER?

DOLOKHOV.

YOU CAN'T LOVE HER

PIERRE.

ENOUGH!
YOU BULLY, YOU SCOUNDREL!
I CHALLENGE YOU!

DOLOKHOV.

OH, A DUEL!
YES, THIS IS WHAT I LIKE

HÉLÈNE.

HE WILL KILL YOU!
STUPID HUSBAND!

PIERRE.

SO I SHALL BE KILLED!
WHAT IS IT TO YOU!
ANATOLE, MY GUNS

ANATOLE.

OH! THIS IS HORRIBLY STUPID

DOLOKHOV.

WELL LET'S BEGIN!
THIS IS CHILD'S PLAY

SERVANT (DENISOV).

AS THE ADVERSARIES HAVE REFUSED A RECONCILIATION,
WE SHALL PLEASE PROCEED WITH THE DUEL
READY YOUR PISTOLS, AND ON THE COUNT OF TRI, BEGIN
TO ADVANCE

ALL.

RAZ! DVA! TRI!

*(***PIERRE** *and* **DOLOKHOV** *start toward each other.)*

ANATOLE.
PIERRE, HOLD YOUR FIRE
PIERRE, HOLD YOUR FIRE
PIERRE, NOT YET!

*(**PIERRE** fires early; **DOLOKHOV** is hit.)*

DOLOKHOV.
NO!...
SHOT BY A FOOL

PIERRE.
NO WAIT –
I DIDN'T –

DOLOKHOV.
QUIET OLD MAN
MY TURN

PIERRE.
MY TURN

ANATOLE.
PIERRE, STAND BACK!

*(**PIERRE** walks toward **DOLOKHOV** with his chest exposed. **DOLOKHOV** shoots. **PIERRE** is unharmed.)*

DOLOKHOV.
MISSED
MISSED
OH MY MOTHER, MY ANGEL
MY ADORED ANGEL MOTHER!

HÉLÈNE.
TAKE HIM AWAY

SERVANT (DENISOV).
THE SUN IS RISING
THE DUEL IS AT AN END
AND PIERRE BEZUKHOV IS THE WINNER

PIERRE.
WINNER?

HÉLÈNE.
YOU ARE A FOOL

*(Two **CLUBGOERS** laugh at **PIERRE** as they leave.)*

ANATOLE.
WELL SWEET SISTER
YOU CERTAINLY BRING OUT THE BEAST IN MEN

HÉLÈNE.
WHAT CAN I SAY?
IT'S A GIFT

ANATOLE.
HOW I ADORE YOU
WILL YOU ASK NATASHA TO THE BALL TONIGHT?

HÉLÈNE.
OF COURSE
DEAR BROTHER

*(She leaves. **ANATOLE** turns to **PIERRE**.)*

ANATOLE.
COME ON OLD MAN
LET'S GET YOU HOME

PIERRE.
IN A MOMENT

ANATOLE.
SLEEP IT OFF
AND BE HAPPY
WE LIVE TO LOVE ANOTHER DAY

10. "DUST AND ASHES"

PIERRE.

IS THIS HOW I DIE?
RIDICULED AND LAUGHED AT
WEARING CLOWN SHOES
IS THIS HOW I DIE?
FURIOUS AND RECKLESS
SICK WITH BOOZE

HOW DID I LIVE?
I TASTE EVERY WASTED MINUTE
EVERY TIME I TURNED AWAY
FROM THE THINGS THAT MIGHT HAVE HEALED ME
HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN SLEEPING?

IS THIS HOW I DIE?
FRIGHTENED LIKE A CHILD
LAZY AND NUMB
IS THIS HOW I DIE?
PRETENDING AND PREPOSTEROUS
AND DUMB

HOW DID I LIVE?
WAS I KIND ENOUGH AND GOOD ENOUGH?
DID I LOVE ENOUGH?
DID I EVER LOOK UP
AND SEE THE MOON
AND THE STARS
AND THE SKY?
OH WHY HAVE I BEEN SLEEPING?

THEY SAY WE ARE ASLEEP
UNTIL WE FALL IN LOVE
WE ARE CHILDREN OF DUST AND ASHES
BUT WHEN WE FALL IN LOVE WE WAKE UP
AND WE ARE A GOD
AND ANGELS WEEP
BUT IF I DIE HERE TONIGHT
I DIE IN MY SLEEP

ALL OF MY LIFE I SPENT SEARCHING THE WORDS

OF POETS AND SAINTS AND PROPHETS AND KINGS
AND NOW AT THE END ALL I KNOW THAT I'VE LEARNED
IS THAT ALL THAT I KNOW IS I DON'T KNOW A THING

SO EASY TO CLOSE OFF
PLACE THE BLAME OUTSIDE
HIDING IN MY ROOM AT NIGHT
SO TERRIFIED

ALL THE THINGS I COULD HAVE BEEN
BUT I NEVER HAD THE NERVE
LIFE AND LOVE
I DON'T DESERVE

SO ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT
I'VE HAD MY TIME
CLOSE MY EYES
LET THE DEATH BELLS CHIME

BURY ME IN BURGUNDY
I JUST DON'T CARE
NOTHING'S LEFT
I LOOKED EVERYWHERE

IS THIS HOW I DIE?
WAS THERE EVER ANY OTHER WAY MY LIFE COULD BE?
IS THIS HOW I DIE?
SUCH A STORM OF FEELINGS INSIDE OF ME

BUT THEN WHY AM I SCREAMING?
WHY AM I SHAKING?
OH GOD, WAS THERE SOMETHING THAT I MISSED?
DID I SQUANDER MY DIVINITY?
WAS HAPPINESS WITHIN ME THE WHOLE TIME?

THEY SAY WE ARE ASLEEP
UNTIL WE FALL IN LOVE
WE ARE CHILDREN OF DUST AND ASHES
BUT WHEN WE FALL IN LOVE WE WAKE UP
AND WE ARE A GOD
AND ANGELS WEEP
BUT IF I DIE HERE TONIGHT
I DIE IN MY SLEEP

THEY SAY WE ARE ASLEEP
UNTIL WE FALL IN LOVE
AND I'M SO READY
TO WAKE UP NOW

I WANT TO WAKE UP
DON'T LET ME DIE WHILE I'M LIKE THIS.
I WANT TO WAKE UP
GOD DON'T LET ME DIE WHILE I'M LIKE THIS
PLEASE LET ME WAKE UP NOW
GOD DON'T LET ME DIE WHILE I'M LIKE THIS
I'M READY
I'M READY
TO WAKE UP

Chapter 5

11. "SUNDAY MORNING"

SONYA.
EARLY SUNDAY MORNING
NATASHA AND I LIT A CANDLE
LOOKED IN THE MIRROR

NATASHA.
I SEE MY FACE

SONYA.
DON'T BE SILLY

THEY SAY YOU CAN SEE YOUR FUTURE
IN THE LONG ROW OF CANDLES
STRETCHING BACK AND BACK AND BACK
INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE MIRROR
IN THE DIM CONFUSED LAST SQUARE
YOU'LL SEE A COFFIN OR A MAN
EVERYONE SEES A MAN

NATASHA.
I SEE THE CANDLES
STRETCHING BACK
SO FAR AWAY
I SEE THE MIRRORS
I SEE A SHAPE IN THE DARKNESS
IS IT HIM OR IS IT –
HE'S LYING DOWN
OH SONYA WHY IS HE LYING DOWN?
I'M SO FRIGHTENED!
ANDREY WILL NEVER COME
OR SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN TO ME BEFORE HE DOES

MARYA D.
SUNDAY MORNING!
TIME FOR CHURCH!

NATASHA.
I SUFFER MORE NOW THAN BEFORE

THE THEATER AND ANATOLE
THAT MAN WHO AROUSED SUCH TERRIBLE FEELINGS
I DON'T UNDERSTAND
HAVE I BROKEN FAITH WITH ANDREY?
AM I GUILTY?

SONYA.

AFTER CHURCH, MARYA LEFT FOR PRINCE BOLKONSKY'S

MARYA D.

THE RUDENESS OF THAT MAN!
I'LL STRAIGHTEN HIM OUT!

NATASHA.

THAT TERRIBLE OLD PRINCE
I CAN'T BEAR TO THINK OF IT
I'LL SHUT MYSELF IN MY ROOM
AND TRY ON NEW DRESSES

SONYA.

AND JUST AFTER MARYA LEFT
THERE WAS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR
NATASHA HAD JUST TURNED HER HEAD TO THE GLASS
WHEN SHE HEARD A VOICE THAT MADE HER FLUSH

12. "CHARMING"

HÉLÈNE.

OH MY ENCHANTRESS
OH YOU BEAUTIFUL THING
CHARMING, CHARMING
OH, THIS IS REALLY BEYOND ANYTHING
THESE DRESSES SUIT YOU
THIS ONE, "METALLIC GAUZE"
STRAIGHT FROM PARIS

ANYTHING SUITS YOU, MY CHARMER
OH HOW SHE BLUSHES, HOW SHE BLUSHES, MY PRETTY!
OH HOW SHE BLUSHES, HOW SHE BLUSHES, MY PRETTY!
CHARMANTE, CHARMANTE!
YOU ARE SUCH A LOVELY THING
OH WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
IT'S SUCH A SHAME TO BURY PEARLS IN THE COUNTRY
CHARMANTE, CHARMANTE, CHARMING

NOW IF YOU HAVE A DRESS
YOU MUST WEAR IT OUT
HOW CAN YOU LIVE IN MOSCOW AND NOT GO NOWHERE?
SO YOU LOVE SOMEBODY, CHARMING
BUT THAT'S NO REASON TO SHUT YOURSELF IN
EVEN IF YOU'RE ENGAGED
YOU MUST WEAR YOUR DRESS OUT SOMEWHERE

MY BROTHER DINED WITH ME YESTERDAY
BUT HE DIDN'T EAT A THING
CUZ HE WAS THINKING 'BOUT YOU
HE KEPT SIGHING ABOUT YOU

OH HOW SHE BLUSHES, HOW SHE BLUSHES, MY PRETTY!
OH HOW SHE BLUSHES, HOW SHE BLUSHES, MY PRETTY!
CHARMANTE, CHARMANTE!
YOU ARE SUCH A LOVELY THING
OH WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
IT'S SUCH A SHAME TO BURY PEARLS IN THE COUNTRY
CHARMANTE, CHARMANTE, CHARMING

NOW A WOMAN WITH A DRESS

IS A FRIGHTENING AND POWERFUL THING
YOU ARE NOT A CHILD
WHEN YOU'RE DRAPED IN SCARLET AND LACE
YOUR FIANCÉ WOULD WANT YOU TO HAVE FUN
RATHER THAN BE BORED TO DEATH
ALLIEZ DANS LE MONDE
PLUTÔT QUE DE DÉPÉRIR D'ENNUI!

MY BROTHER IS QUITE MADLY IN LOVE
HE IS QUITE MADLY IN LOVE WITH YOU, MY DEAR

OH HOW SHE BLUSHES, HOW SHE BLUSHES, MY PRETTY!
OH HOW SHE BLUSHES, HOW SHE BLUSHES, MY PRETTY!
CHARMANTE, CHARMANTE!
YOU ARE SUCH A LOVELY THING
OH WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
IT'S SUCH A SHAME TO BURY PEARLS IN THE COUNTRY
CHARMANTE, CHARMANTE, CHARMING
SUCH A SHAME TO BURY PEARLS IN THE COUNTRY
CHARMANTE, CHARMANTE, CHARMING

NATASHA.

WHAT ONCE SEEMED SO TERRIBLE
NOW SEEMS SIMPLE AND NATURAL
SHE KNOWS THAT I'M ENGAGED
AND STILL SHE TALKS SO FRANKLY
SO IT MUST BE ALL RIGHT!

HÉLÈNE.

THERE IS A BALL AT MY HOUSE TONIGHT
YOU MUST COME
OH YOUR WIDE-OPEN, WONDERING EYES!
YOU WILL BE THE PRETTIEST THERE!
HOW THE THOUGHT OF THROWING THEM TOGETHER
AMUSES ME!
YOU MUST COME

NATASHA.

I WILL COME

Chapter 6

13. "THE BALL"

ANATOLE.

WAITING AT THE DOOR
WAITING AT THE DOOR
WAITING

WAITING AT THE DOOR
WAITING AT THE DOOR
WAITING
HOW I ADORE LITTLE GIRLS
THEY LOSE THEIR HEADS AT ONCE

(The ball begins; **ANATOLE** *and* **NATASHA** *dance.)*

NATASHA.

I AM SEIZED BY FEELINGS OF VANITY AND FEAR
THERE IS NO BARRIER BETWEEN US
WHISPERS AND MOANS AND RINGING IN MY EAR
THERE IS NO BARRIER BETWEEN US

DIVINE, DELICIOUS
BUT I DO NOT SEE OR HEAR ANYTHING
I'M BORNE AWAY TO A SENSELESS WORLD
SO STRANGE, SO REMOTE
I DON'T KNOW GOOD FROM BAD
ANATOLE
ANATOLE
I'M SO FRIGHTENED

ANATOLE.

YOU ARE ENCHANTING

NATASHA.

AND AS WE DANCED HE PRESSED MY WAIST AND HAND
AND TOLD ME I WAS

NATASHA & ANATOLE.

BEWITCHING

ANATOLE.
AND I LOVE YOU
NATASHA & ANATOLE.
BEWITCHING
ANATOLE.
AND I LOVE YOU
NATASHA.
AND DURING THE ECOSSAISE, HE
NATASHA (& ANATOLE).
GAZED/(GAZE) IN MY EYES
NATASHA.
AND SAID NOTHING, JUST
NATASHA (& ANATOLE).
GAZED/(GAZE) IN MY EYES
NATASHA.
MY FRIGHTENED EYES
SUCH CONFIDENT TENDERNESS
I COULD NOT SAY WHAT I HAD TO SAY
ANATOLE.
DON'T LOWER YOUR EYES
I LOVE YOU
I AM IN LOVE DEAR
I AM IN LOVE
GAZE IN MY EYES
I LOVE YOU
YOU ARE BEWITCHING
WHAT CAN I DO?
DARLING WHAT CAN I DO?
NATASHA.
DON'T SAY SUCH THINGS
I AM BETROTHED
I LOVE ANOTHER
ANATOLE.
DON'T SPEAK TO ME OF THAT!
WHEN I TELL YOU THAT I AM MADLY, MADLY IN LOVE WITH YOU!

IS IT MY FAULT THAT YOU'RE ENCHANTING?
NATASHA.
I'M SO FRIGHTENED
I DON'T UNDERSTAND ANYTHING TONIGHT
ANATOLE.
I'M HERE NOW,
*(**NATASHA** breaks away.)*
NATALIE!
NATASHA.
I CAN FEEL YOUR EYES UPON ME
ANATOLE.
BLOCKING HER PATH, I BRING HER FACE CLOSE TO MINE
NATASHA.
HIS LARGE, GLITTERING, MASCULINE EYES ARE SO CLOSE TO MINE
THAT I SEE NOTHING ELSE
ANATOLE.
IS IT POSSIBLE THAT I SHOULD NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN?
I LOVE YOU MADLY!
CAN I NEVER?
NATALIE?
NATASHA.
YOU PRESS MY ARM
ANATOLE.
NATALIE?
NATASHA.
YOU'RE HURTING MY HANDS
ANATOLE.
NATALIE?
NATASHA.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND
I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY
(They kiss.)
BURNING LIPS PRESSED TO MINE
TELL ME WHAT JUST HAPPENED

I'M TREMBLING
SO FRIGHTENING

ANDREY

BUT I LOVE YOU
OF THAT THERE IS NO DOUBT
HOW ELSE COULD ALL OF THIS HAVE HAPPENED?
HOW ELSE COULD WE HAVE KISSED?
IT MEANS THAT I HAVE LOVED YOU FROM THE FIRST
IT MEANS THAT YOU ARE KIND, NOBLE, AND SPLENDID
AND I COULD NOT HELP LOVING YOU

I WILL LOVE YOU ANATOLE
I'LL DO ANYTHING FOR YOU

NATASHA & ANATOLE.

I'LL DO ANYTHING FOR YOU

PART IV

Chapter 7

14. "LETTERS"

ALL.

IN NINETEENTH CENTURY RUSSIA WE WRITE LETTERS
WE WRITE LETTERS
WE PUT DOWN IN WRITING
WHAT IS HAPPENING IN OUR MINDS

ONCE IT'S ON THE PAPER WE FEEL BETTER
WE FEEL BETTER
IT'S LIKE SOME KIND OF CLARITY
WHEN THE LETTER'S DONE AND SIGNED

PIERRE.

DEAR ANDREY
DEAR OLD FRIEND
HOW GOES THE WAR?
DO WE MARCH ON THE FRENCH SPLENDIDLY?
DO OUR CANNONS CRACK AND CRY?
DO OUR BULLETS WHISTLE AND SING?
DOES THE AIR REEK WITH SMOKE?

I WISH I WERE THERE
WITH DEATH AT MY HEELS

DOLOKHOV IS RECOVERING
HE WILL BE ALL RIGHT THE GOOD MAN
AND NATASHA IS IN TOWN
YOUR BRIDE-TO-BE, SO FULL OF LIFE AND MISCHIEF
I SHOULD VISIT
I HEAR SHE IS MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN EVER

HOW I ENVY YOU AND YOUR HAPPINESS

HERE AT HOME
I DRINK AND READ AND DRINK AND READ AND DRINK
BUT I THINK I FINALLY FOUND IT
WHAT MY HEART HAS NEEDED

FOR I'VE BEEN STUDYING THE KABAL
AND I'VE CALCULATED THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST
IT IS NAPOLEON
SIX HUNDRED THREE SCORE AND SIX
AND I WILL KILL HIM ONE DAY
HE'S NO GREAT MAN
NONE OF US ARE GREAT MEN
WE'RE CAUGHT IN THE WAVE OF HISTORY
NOTHING MATTERS
EVERYTHING MATTERS
IT'S ALL THE SAME
OH IF ONLY I COULD NOT SEE IT
THIS DREADFUL, TERRIBLE *IT*!

ALL.
IN NINETEENTH CENTURY RUSSIA WE WRITE LETTERS
WE WRITE LETTERS

NATASHA & PIERRE.
WE WRITE LETTERS

ALL.
WE PUT DOWN IN WRITING
WHAT IS HAPPENING IN OUR MINDS

NATASHA.
DEAR ANDREY –

WHAT MORE CAN I WRITE
AFTER ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED?
WHAT AM I TO DO IF I LOVE HIM AND THE OTHER ONE TOO?
MUST I BREAK IT OFF?
THESE TERRIBLE QUESTIONS.

NATASHA & PIERRE.
I SEE NOTHING BUT THE CANDLE IN THE MIRROR
NO VISIONS OF THE FUTURE

SO LOST AND ALONE

NATASHA.
AND WHAT OF PRINCESS MARY –

MARY.
DEAR NATASHA
I'M IN DEEP DESPAIR AT THE MISUNDERSTANDING THERE IS BETWEEN US
WHATEVER MY FATHER'S FEELINGS MIGHT BE
I BEG YOU TO BELIEVE THAT I CANNOT HELP LOVING YOU
HE IS A TIRED OLD MAN AND MUST BE FORGIVEN
PLEASE, COME SEE US AGAIN

NATASHA.
DEAR PRINCESS MARY –

OH WHAT AM I TO WRITE?!
HOW DO I CHOOSE?
WHAT DO I DO?
I SHALL NEVER BE HAPPY AGAIN

PIERRE.
THESE TERRIBLE QUESTIONS

MARY.
I'M SO ALONE HERE

NATASHA & PIERRE.
SO ALONE IN HERE

MARY.
AND I SEE NOTHING

NATASHA, PIERRE & MARY.
I SEE NOTHING BUT THE CANDLE IN THE MIRROR
NO VISIONS OF THE FUTURE
SO LOST AND ALONE

ALL.
IN NINETEENTH CENTURY RUSSIA WE WRITE LETTERS
WE WRITE LETTERS

NATASHA & PIERRE.
WE WRITE LETTERS

MARY & ANATOLE.
WE WRITE LETTERS

ALL.
WE PUT DOWN IN WRITING
WHAT IS HAPPENING IN OUR MINDS

ANATOLE.
DEAR NATALIE
A LOVE LETTER
A LOVE LETTER
A LOVE LETTER

NATASHA.
A LETTER FROM HIM, FROM THE MAN THAT I LOVE

DOLOKHOV.
A LETTER WHICH I COMPOSED

ALL.
A LOVE LETTER
A LOVE LETTER...

ANATOLE.
NATALIE NATALIE NATALIE
I MUST LOVE YOU OR DIE
NATALIE NATALIE NATALIE
IF YOU LOVE ME SAY YES
AND I WILL COME AND STEAL YOU AWAY
STEAL YOU OUT OF THE DARK
NATALIE NATALIE NATALIE
I WANT NOTHING MORE

NATALIE NATALIE NATALIE
I MUST LOVE YOU OR DIE
NATALIE NATALIE NATALIE
IF YOU LOVE ME SAY YES
AND I WILL COME AND STEAL YOU AWAY
STEAL YOU OUT OF THE DARK
NATALIE NATALIE NATALIE
I WANT NOTHING MORE

JUST SAY YES
JUST SAY YES
JUST SAY YES

NATASHA.
YES, YES, I LOVE HIM!

HOW ELSE COULD I HAVE HIS LETTER IN MY HAND?
I READ IT TWENTY TIMES
THIRTY TIMES, FORTY TIMES!
EACH AND EVERY WORD
I LOVE HIM, I LOVE HIM

*(**NATASHA** sleeps. **SONYA** arrives and reads Anatole's letter.)*

Chapter 8

15. "SONYA & NATASHA"

SONYA.
HOW WAS IT I NOTICED NOTHING?
HOW COULD IT GO SO FAR?
IT CAN'T BE THAT SHE LOVES HIM
IT CAN'T BE
NATASHA

*(**NATASHA** awakes and sees **SONYA**.)*

NATASHA.
SONYA, YOU'RE BACK
AND WITH THE TENDER RESOLVE THAT OFTEN COMES AT
THE MOMENT OF AWAKENING
I EMBRACED MY FRIEND
BUT NOTICING SONYA'S LOOK OF EMBARRASSMENT
MY FACE EXPRESSED CONFUSION
AND SUSPICION
SONYA, YOU'VE READ THE LETTER?

SONYA.
YES

NATASHA.
OH SONYA, I'M GLAD
I CAN'T HIDE IT ANY LONGER!
NOW YOU KNOW, WE LOVE ONE ANOTHER!
OH SONYA, HE WRITES, HE WRITES
HE WRITES, HE WRITES, HE WRITES

SONYA.
AND ANDREY?

NATASHA.
OH SONYA, IF YOU ONLY KNEW HOW HAPPY I AM!
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT LOVE IS

SONYA.
BUT NATASHA, CAN THAT ALL BE OVER?

NATASHA.
I DO NOT GRASP THE QUESTION

SONYA.
ARE YOU REFUSING PRINCE ANDREY?

NATASHA.
OH, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ANYTHING!
DON'T TALK NONSENSE, JUST LISTEN

SONYA.
BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, I DON'T UNDERSTAND
HOW YOU LOVED ONE MAN A WHOLE YEAR
AND SUDDENLY –
YOU'VE ONLY KNOWN HIM THREE DAYS!
NATASHA, YOU'RE JOKING!

NATASHA.
THREE DAYS?
IT SEEMS TO ME I'VE LOVED HIM A HUNDRED YEARS
IT SEEMS TO ME I'VE NEVER LOVED ANYONE BEFORE
NOT LIKE THIS
I HAVE NO WILL
MY LIFE IS HIS
I'LL DO ANYTHING HE WANTS ME TO
WHAT CAN I DO?
SONYA, WHAT CAN I DO?
I'M SO HAPPY
AND SO FRIGHTENED
WHY CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND?
I LOVE HIM!

SONYA.
THEN I WON'T LET IT COME TO THAT, I SHALL TELL!
BURSTING INTO TEARS

NATASHA.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
FOR GOD'S SAKE, IF YOU TELL, YOU ARE MY ENEMY!
YOU WANT ME TO BE MISERABLE
YOU WANT TO TEAR US APART
FOR GOD'S SAKE, SONYA, DON'T TELL ANYONE, DON'T
TORTURE ME

I HAVE CONFIDED IN YOU

SONYA.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED BETWEEN YOU?
WHAT HAS HE SAID TO YOU?
WHY DOESN'T HE COME TO THE HOUSE AND OPENLY ASK FOR YOUR HAND?
WHY THIS SECRECY?
HAVE YOU THOUGHT WHAT HIS SECRET REASONS MAY BE?

NATASHA.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE REASONS ARE
BUT THERE MUST BE REASONS!
SONYA, ONE CAN'T DOUBT HIM!

SONYA.

DOES HE LOVE YOU?

NATASHA.

DOES HE LOVE ME?
WHY, YOU'VE READ HIS LETTER, YOU'VE SEEN HIM
I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT HIM

SONYA.

NATASHA, THINK OF OUR FAMILY
AND THINK OF PRINCE ANDREY

NATASHA.

ANDREY SAID I WAS FREE TO REFUSE HIM

SONYA.

BUT YOU HAVEN'T REFUSED HIM, OR HAVE YOU?

NATASHA.

PERHAPS I HAVE
PERHAPS ALL IS OVER BETWEEN ME AND BOLKONSKY
WOULD YOU THINK SO BADLY OF ME?

SONYA.

I WON'T SUCCUMB TO YOUR TENDER TONE NATASHA
I DON'T TRUST HIM, NATASHA!
I'M AFRAID FOR YOU, NATASHA!
AFRAID YOU ARE GOING TO YOUR RUIN

NATASHA.

THEN I'LL GO TO MY RUIN, YES I WILL, AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

BUT IT'S NOT YOUR BUSINESS!
IT WON'T BE YOU, IT'LL BE ME, WHO'LL SUFFER
LEAVE ME ALONE, YES LEAVE ME ALONE!
I HATE YOU SONYA!
I HATE YOU SONYA!
I HATE YOU, I HATE YOU!
YOU'RE MY ENEMY FOREVER!

SONYA.

I BURST INTO SOBS

*(**NATASHA** runs out of the room.)*

NATASHA.

AND WITHOUT A MOMENT'S REFLECTION
I WROTE THE ANSWER TO PRINCESS MARY
I'D BEEN UNABLE TO WRITE ALL MORNING

ALL OUR MISUNDERSTANDINGS ARE AT AN END;
FORGET EVERYTHING AND FORGIVE ME
BUT I CAN'T BE ANDREY'S WIFE

16. "SONYA ALONE"

SONYA.

HARD AS IT IS
IN THE COMING DAYS
I WATCH MY FRIEND
IN HER STRANGE UNNATURAL STATE
DON'T LET HER OUT OF MY SIGHT
SHE TRAILS OFF
STARES AT NOTHING
LAUGHS AT RANDOM
AND THE LETTERS COME

SHE WAITS BY THE WINDOW,
AND I LISTEN AT THE DOOR

UNTIL ONE DAY
I SEE BY THE SAD LOOK ON HER FACE
THERE IS A DREADFUL PLAN IN HER HEART

I KNOW YOU ARE CAPABLE OF ANYTHING
I KNOW YOU SO WELL MY FRIEND
I KNOW YOU MIGHT JUST RUN AWAY
WHAT AM I TO DO?
WHO DO I ASK FOR HELP?
IS IT ALL ON ME?
IS IT ALL ON ME?

I WILL STAND IN THE DARK FOR YOU
I WILL HOLD YOU BACK BY FORCE
I WILL STAND HERE RIGHT OUTSIDE YOUR DOOR
I WON'T SEE YOU DISGRACED
I WILL PROTECT YOUR NAME AND YOUR HEART
BECAUSE I MISS MY FRIEND

I KNOW YOU'VE FORGOTTEN ME
I KNOW YOU SO WELL MY FRIEND
I KNOW YOU MIGHT JUST THROW YOURSELF OVER
BUT I WON'T LET YOU
I WON'T LET YOU
IT'S ALL ON ME

AND I REMEMBER THIS FAMILY
I REMEMBER THEIR KINDNESS
AND IF I NEVER SLEEP AGAIN

I WILL STAND IN THE DARK FOR YOU
I WILL HOLD YOU BACK BY FORCE
I WILL STAND HERE RIGHT OUTSIDE YOUR DOOR
I WON'T SEE YOU DISGRACED
I WILL PROTECT YOUR NAME AND YOUR HEART
BECAUSE I MISS MY FRIEND
BECAUSE I MISS MY FRIEND
BECAUSE I MISS YOU, MY FRIEND

Chapter 9

17. "PREPARATIONS"

*(***PIERRE** *runs into* **ANATOLE** *on the street.* **PIERRE** *is drunk,* **ANATOLE** *in a hurry.)*

PIERRE.

AH, ANATOLE! WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO?

ANATOLE.

PIERRE, GOOD MAN
TONIGHT I GO AWAY, ON AN ADVENTURE
YOU'LL NOT BE SEEING ME FOR SOME TIME
I'VE FOUND A NEW PLEASURE
AND I'M TAKING HER AWAY
I'LL SEND YOU A LETTER FROM POLAND

PIERRE.

HA! AN ELOPEMENT!
FOOL, YOU ARE MARRIED ALREADY!

ANATOLE.

DON'T TALK TO ME OF THAT!
I WILL NOT DEPRIVE MYSELF OF THIS ONE!
TONIGHT! I TAKE HER TONIGHT!
LEND ME FIFTY RUBLES?

PIERRE.

AH, THAT'S A TRUE SAGE
LIVING IN THE MOMENT
WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE TO BE LIKE HIM

DOLOKHOV.

THE PLAN FOR NATALIE ROSTOVA'S ABDUCTION
HAD ALL BEEN ARRANGED AND THE PREPARATIONS MADE
ON THE DAY THAT SONYA DECIDED TO SAVE HER
THAT WAS THE DAY THAT THE GAME WAS TO BE PLAYED
NATASHA WAS TO BE ON HER BACK PORCH AT TEN
ANATOLE AND HIS TROIKA WOULD SCOOP HER UP AND THEN

THEY'D RIDE FORTY MILES TO THE VILLAGE OF KAMENKA
WHERE AN UNFROCKED PRIEST WAS TO MAKE 'EM GET WED
THEN BACK INTO THE TROIKA OFF THEY'D GO
TAKE THE POLAND HIGHROAD TO THE WEDDING BED

ANATOLE.

PASSPORTS, HORSES, TEN THOUSAND RUBLES I HAVE TAKEN FROM MY SISTER
AND ANOTHER TEN THOUSAND RAISED WITH DOLOKHOV'S HELP

DOLOKHOV.

WE WERE GATHERED IN MY STUDY DRINKING UP SOME TEA
JUST ANATOLE THE TWO WEDDING WITNESSES AND ME
AN ABACUS AND PAPER MONEY STREWN ON THE DESK
PERSIAN RUGS AND BEARSKINS HANGING GROTESQUE
ANATOLE WAS WALKING WITH HIS UNIFORM UNBUTTONED
WALKING TO AND FRO
TO AND FRO
TO AND FRO

ANATOLE & DOLOKHOV.

TO AND FRO
TO AND FRO
TO AND FRO
TO AND FRO

DOLOKHOV.

NOW WAIT!
YOU BETTER
JUST
GIVE IT UP NOW
WHY DONTCHA
WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME!
YOU'D REALLY BETTER DROP IT ALL
GIVE IT UP NOW!
WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME!
DO YOU KNOW?

ANATOLE.
WHAT, TEASING AGAIN?
FOOL DON'T TALK NONSENSE!
GO TO THE DEVIL EH?
REALLY THIS IS NO TIME FOR YOUR STUPID JOKES

DOLOKHOV.
I AM NOT JOKING, I AM TALKING SENSE
THIS IS SERIOUS BUSINESS, A DANGEROUS BUSINESS
COME HERE, COME HERE, COME HERE ANATOLE!
WHY WOULD I JOKE ABOUT IT?
ME OF ALL PEOPLE
WHO FOUND THE PRIEST, RAISED THE MONEY, GOT THE PASSPORTS, GOT THE HORSES?

ANATOLE.
AND WELL I THANK YOU FOR IT
DO YOU THINK I AM NOT GRATEFUL?

DOLOKHOV.
AND NOW YOU'LL CARRY HER AWAY BUT WILL THEY LET IT STOP THERE?
YOU HAVEN'T THOUGHT THIS THROUGH OR DO YOU JUST DON'T CARE?
NOW LISTEN TO ME TELL IT TO YOU ONE LAST TIME
THEY WILL TAKE YOU TO THE COURT AND CONVICT YOU FOR YOUR CRIME
ALREADY MARRIED AND YOU'RE PLAYING WITH A LITTLE GIRL
DON'T YOU KNOW, DON'T YOU THINK, DON'T YOU KNOW?

ANATOLE.
NONSENSE, NONSENSE!
I'M SCOWLING AND GRIMACING
DIDN'T I EXPLAIN IT TO YOU, DIDN'T I, WHAT?

DOLOKHOV.
AND HERE ANATOLE
WITH THE STUBBORN ATTACHMENT SMALL-MINDED PEOPLE HAVE
FOR CONCLUSIONS THEY'VE WORKED OUT FOR THEMSELVES

REPEATED HIS ARGUMENT TO ME FOR THE HUNDREDTH TIME

ANATOLE.
IF THIS MARRIAGE ISN'T VALID
THEN I'M OFF THE HOOK
BUT IF IT IS VALID, IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER!
NO ONE ABROAD IS GONNA KNOW A THING ABOUT IT
ISN'T THAT SO NOW DON'T YOU KNOW,
DON'T TALK TO ME, DON'T DON'T WHAT WHAT
AH GO TO HELL NOW
I'M CLUTCHING MY HAIR!
IT'S THE VERY DEVIL!
HERE, FEEL HOW IT BEATS!

(He presses **DOLOKHOV***'s hand to his heart. A light comes up on* **NATASHA** *across the room.)*

AH MA CHERE, MA CHERE
QUEL PIED, QUEL REGARD!
WHAT A FOOT SHE HAS, WHAT A GLANCE,
A GODDESS!

AND MY HANDSOME LIPS
MUTTER SOMETHING TENDER TO MYSELF

IT'S TIME!
IT'S TIME!
NOW THEN! NEARLY READY? YOU'RE DAWDLING!
THE DRIVER IS HERE
THE DRIVER IS HERE
BALAGA IS HERE!

18. "BALAGA"

ANATOLE & DOLOKHOV.
HEY BALAGA
HO BALAGA
HEY HEY HO BALAGA
HEY HEY BALAGA
THE FAMOUS TROIKA DRIVER
HEY BALAGA
HO BALAGA
HEY HEY HEY BALAGA
HEY HEY BALAGA
THE FAMOUS TROIKA DRIVER

BALAGA.
WHO'S THAT MADMAN FLYING AT FULL GALLOP DOWN THE STREET?
WHO'S THAT MADMAN KNOCKING PEOPLE OVER
RUNNING PEOPLE DOWN
WHILE HIS FINE GENTLEMEN
HOLD ON TO THEIR SEATS?

ANATOLE & DOLOKHOV.
IT'S BALAGA!

BALAGA.
DRIVING MAD AT TWELVE MILES AN HOUR

ANATOLE & DOLOKHOV.
BALAGA!

BALAGA.
COMIN' STRAIGHT AT YOU
GET OUT MY WAY, GET OUT MY WAY

ANATOLE & DOLOKHOV.
BALAGA!

BALAGA.
LASHIN' MY WHIP AT HORSES AND PEASANTS

ANATOLE & DOLOKHOV.
BALAGA!

BALAGA.
RISKING SKIN AND LIFE TWENTY TIMES A YEAR

FOR MY FINE FINE GENTLEMEN
YESSIR HEY HO YESSIR
YESSIR YESSIR YESSIR

ANATOLE & DOLOKHOV.
MORE THAN ONCE!

BALAGA.
FROM TULA TO MOSCOW AND BACK IN JUST ONE NIGHT

ANATOLE & DOLOKHOV.
MORE THAN ONCE!

BALAGA.
A NARROW ESCAPE FROM A WILD COSSACK FIGHT

ANATOLE & DOLOKHOV.
MORE THAN ONCE!

BALAGA.
THEY'VE BEATEN ME AND SLAPPED ME WITH THEIR GLOVES

ANATOLE & DOLOKHOV.
MORE THAN ONCE!

BALAGA.
MADE ME DRUNK ON CHAMPAGNE, WHICH I LOVE!

ALL.
HEY BALAGA
HO BALAGA
HEY HEY HO BALAGA
HEY HEY BALAGA
THE FAMOUS TROIKA DRIVER
HEY BALAGA
HO BALAGA
HEY HEY HEY BALAGA
HEY HEY BALAGA
THE FAMOUS TROIKA DRIVER

ANATOLE.
WHO'S THAT SLOWPOKE WE ABUSE WITH WILD AND TIPSY SHOUTS?

BALAGA.
WHO KNOWS THINGS THAT WOULD GET YOU SENT STRAIGHT TO SIBERIA

IF ANYONE FOUND OUT?

ALL.

IT'S BALAGA!

BALAGA.

DRIVING MAD AT TWELVE MILES AN HOUR

ALL.

BALAGA!

BALAGA.

COMIN' STRAIGHT AT YOU
GET OUT MY WAY, GET OUT MY WAY

ALL.

BALAGA!

BALAGA.

DRINKING AND DANCING WITH MY RUSKA ROMA

ALL.

BALAGA!

BALAGA.

RIDING MY HORSES INTO THE GROUND
FOR MY FINE FINE GENTLEMEN
YESSIR HEY HO YESSIR
YESSIR YESSIR YESSIR

ALL.

MORE THAN ONCE!

BALAGA.

DRIVEN YOU ROUND WITH LADIES ON YOUR LAPS

ALL.

MORE THAN ONCE!

BALAGA.

TAKEN YOU PLACES NOT ON ANY MAPS

ALL.

MORE THAN ONCE!

BALAGA.

GALLOPED FASTER THAN ORDINARY MEN WOULD DARE

ALL.

MORE THAN ONCE!

BALAGA.

JUMPED MY TROIKA RIGHT INTO THE AIR!

AND I NEVER ASK FOR RUBLES
EXCEPT MAYBE ONCE A YEAR
I DON'T DO THIS FOR RUBLES
I DO IT CUZ I LIKE 'EM!

ALL.

AND WE LIKE BALAGA TOO!

ANATOLE.

WHOA...

ALL.

WHOA...

19. "THE ABDUCTION"

ANATOLE.

EVERYONE RAISE A GLASS! WHOA!

WELL, COMRADES
WE'VE HAD OUR FUN
LIVED, LAUGHED AND LOVED
FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH
WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?
I'M GOING ABROAD

GOODBYE MY GYPSY LOVERS
ALL MY REVELS HERE ARE OVER
WELL, GOODBYE, MATRYOSHA
KISS ME ONE LAST TIME, WHOA
REMEMBER ME TO STESHKA
THERE, GOODBYE, GOODBYE, GOODBYE
WISH ME LUCK MY GYPSY LOVERS
NOW GOODBYE, GOODBYE, GOODBYE

ALL.

GOODBYE MY GYPSY LOVERS
ALL MY REVELS HERE ARE OVER
WELL, GOODBYE, MATRYOSHA
KISS ME ONE LAST TIME, WHOA
REMEMBER ME TO STESHKA
THERE, GOODBYE, GOODBYE, GOODBYE
WISH ME LUCK MY GYPSY LOVERS
NOW GOODBYE, GOODBYE, GOODBYE

ANATOLE.

NOW DRINK!

ALL.

HURRAH!
SMASH THE GLASSES ON THE FLOOR!

(They dance.)

HEY! HEY! HEY! HEY!
HEY! HEY! HEY! HEY!

(They dance more. **PIERRE** *drunkenly raises a glass.)*

PIERRE.

WHOA!

HERE'S TO HAPPINESS, FREEDOM, AND LIFE!
MAY YOUR TRAVELS BE SWIFT AS A SCYTHE CUTS THROUGH THE GRASS!
MAY YOUR SORROWS BE COUNTED AND NUMBERED AS MANY
AS DROPS OF WINE AND VODKA THAT STAY IN MY GLASS!

VSEGO HOROSHEGO
NA POSOSHOK
POEKHALI

VSEGO HOROSHEGO
NA POSOSHOK
POEKHALI

ALL.

VSEGO HOROSHEGO
NA POSOSHOK
POEKHALI

VSEGO HOROSHEGO
NA POSOSHOK
POEKHALI
NA POSOSHOK
POEKHALI!

Come on, let's go!...

(They start to leave.)

ANATOLE.

NO, WAIT!
SHUT THE DOOR!
FIRST WE HAVE TO SIT DOWN!
THAT'S THE WAY

IT'S A RUSSIAN CUSTOM

(They shut the door and all sit down for a moment.)

ALL RIGHT

(They start to leave.)

DOLOKHOV.

WAIT, WAIT, WAIT, WAIT!
WHERE'S THE FUR CLOAK?
I HAVE HEARD WHAT ELOPEMENTS ARE LIKE
SHE'LL RUSH OUT MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE
JUST IN THE THINGS SHE'S WEARING
IF YOU DELAY AT ALL, THERE'LL BE TEARS AND "PAPA" AND "MAMA"
AND SHE'S FROZEN IN A MINUTE AND MUST GO BACK

BUT YOU WRAP THE FUR CLOAK ROUND HER
AND YOU CARRY HER TO THE SLEIGH
THAT'S THE WAY
THAT'S THE WAY

ALL.

THAT'S THE WAY
THAT'S THE WAY

BALAGA.

LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!

AND THE TROIKA TORE DOWN NIKITSKI BOULEVARD
WHOA! GIDDYUP, NOW! WHOA! WHOA!

ALL.

HEY BALAGA
HO BALAGA
HEY HEY HO BALAGA
HEY HEY BALAGA
THE FAMOUS TROIKA DRIVER

HEY BALAGA
HO BALAGA
HEY HEY HEY BALAGA
HEY HEY BALAGA
THE FAMOUS TROIKA DRIVER

DOLOKHOV.

WHEN THEY REACHED THE GATE DOLOKHOV WHISTLED
THE WHISTLE WAS ANSWERED, AND A MAIDSERVANT RAN OUT

MAIDSERVANT.

COME IN THROUGH THE COURTYARD OR YOU'LL BE SEEN; SHE'LL COME OUT DIRECTLY

DOLOKHOV.

DOLOKHOV STAYED BY THE GATE
ANATOLE FOLLOWED THE MAID INTO THE COURTYARD
TURNED THE CORNER, RAN UP TO THE PORCH

*(**ANATOLE** is stopped by **MARYA D.**)*

MARYA D.

YOU WILL NOT ENTER MY HOUSE, SCOUNDREL!

DOLOKHOV.

ANATOLE, COME BACK!
BETRAYED! BETRAYED!
BETRAYED, ANATOLE! BETRAYED!
COME BACK!
BETRAYED, ANATOLE! BETRAYED! BETRAYED!

*(**DOLOKHOV** rushes in and rescues **ANATOLE.** They flee.)*

PART V

Chapter 10

20. "IN MY HOUSE"

MARYA D.

YOU SHAMELESS GOOD-FOR-NOTHING
YOU VILE, SHAMELESS GIRL
IN MY HOUSE
IN MY HOUSE
A NICE GIRL! VERY NICE!

YOU DIRTY NASTY WENCH OF A THING
NOW DON'T YOU SAY ONE WORD
IN MY HOUSE
IN MY HOUSE
HORRID GIRL, HUSSY!

IT'S LUCKY FOR HIM HE ESCAPED, BUT I'LL FIND HIM
NOW YOU LISTEN TO ME WHEN I SPEAK TO YOU!
NOW YOU LISTEN TO ME WHEN I SPEAK TO YOU!
IN MY HOUSE!
IN MY HOUSE!
DO YOU HEAR WHAT I AM SAYING OR NOT?

SONYA.

NATASHA'S WHOLE BODY SHOOK
WITH NOISELESS, CONVULSIVE SOBS
MARYA TOUCHED HER HAND TO HER FACE

NATASHA.

DON'T TOUCH ME!
LET ME BE! WHAT IS IT TO ME? I SHALL DIE!

MARYA D.

WHAT ARE WE TO TELL YOUR FATHER EH?
IN MY HOUSE!
IN MY HOUSE!
WHAT ARE WE TO TELL PRINCE ANDREY EH?
OH WHAT DO WE TELL YOUR BETROTHED?

NATASHA.

I HAVE NO BETROTHED, I HAVE REFUSED HIM!

SONYA.

NATASHA, COME HERE, KISS ME
PRESS YOUR WET FACE TO MINE

NATASHA.

DON'T TOUCH ME!

MARYA D.

WHY DIDN'T HE COME TO THE HOUSE?
WHY DIDN'T HE OPENLY ASK FOR YOUR HAND?
YOU WERE NOT KEPT UNDER LOCK AND KEY!
CARRYING YOU OFF LIKE SOME GYPSY GIRL!
AND IF HE HAD CARRIED YOU OFF, DON'T YOU THINK
YOUR FATHER WOULD HAVE FOUND HIM?
YOUR FATHER, I KNOW HIM
HE WILL CHALLENGE HIM TO A DUEL AND WHAT THEN,
WILL THAT BE ALL RIGHT EH?
HE'S A SCOUNDREL, HE'S A WRETCH! THAT'S A FACT!

NATASHA.

HE IS BETTER THAN ANY OF YOU I SAY
HE IS BETTER THAN ANY OF YOU I SAY
WHY DID YOU INTERFERE! OH GOD, WHAT IS IT ALL?!
WHAT IS IT?!
WHO ARE YOU TO TELL ME ANYTHING?!
SONYA, WHY?!
GO AWAY!
EVERYONE, GO AWAY!

MARYA DMITRYEVNA TRIED TO SPEAK AGAIN BUT
NATASHA CRIED OUT
GO AWAY! GO AWAY! YOU ALL HATE AND DESPISE ME!
AND SHE THREW HERSELF DOWN ON THE SOFA

MARYA D.

NATASHA!
NATALYA...

I PUT A PILLOW UNDER HER HEAD
COVERED HER WITH TWO QUILTS,
BROUGHT HER A GLASS OF LIME-FLOWER WATER
BUT NATASHA DID NOT RESPOND
WELL, LET HER SLEEP
LET HER SLEEP

*(**MARYA D.** leaves.)*

NATASHA.

BUT NATASHA WAS NOT ASLEEP
HER FACE WAS PALE
HER EYES WIDE OPEN
ALL THAT NIGHT SHE DID NOT SLEEP OR WEEP
SHE SAT AT THE WINDOW
WAITING FOR HIM

21. "A CALL TO PIERRE"

(A **SERVANT** *hands a letter to* **PIERRE.***)*

SERVANT.
A LETTER FROM MARYA DMITRYEVNA ASKING YOU TO
COME AND VISIT HER
ON A MATTER OF GREAT IMPORTANCE
RELATING TO ANDREY BOLKONSKY AND HIS BETROTHED

PIERRE.
WHAT?
WHAT CAN THEY WANT WITH ME?

(He arrives at Marya D.'s.)

MARYA D.
PIERRE, OLD FRIEND I'M SORRY IT'S LATE
I'M SORRY I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU ABOUT
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

PIERRE.
I HAVE BEEN STUDYING

MARYA D.
PIERRE OLD FRIEND WE NEED YOUR HELP
PIERRE OLD FRIEND THE FAMILY NAME
WE NEED YOUR HELP
WE NEED YOUR HELP
THERE'S RUIN AT THE DOOR

PIERRE.
MARYA?

MARYA D.
NATASHA HAS LET DOWN THE FAMILY

PIERRE.
WHAT?

MARYA D.
NATASHA HAS BROKEN WITH ANDREY

PIERRE.
WHAT?

MARYA D.
NATASHA HAS TRIED TO ELOPE

PIERRE.
WHAT?

MARYA D.
NATASHA AND ANATOLE KURAGIN!

PIERRE.
WHAT?

MARYA D.
WE NEED YOUR HELP
WE NEED YOUR HELP
THERE'S RUIN AT THE DOOR

PIERRE.
NATASHA, THAT CHARMING GIRL?
I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EARS
SO I AM NOT THE ONLY MAN
CHAINED TO A BAD WOMAN
AND ANATOLE, THAT STUPID CHILD
THEY'LL LOCK HIM UP FOR YEARS
FOR ANATOLE IS A MARRIED MAN!

MARYA D.
MARRIED? HE'S MARRIED?

PIERRE.
YES

MARYA D.
OH WAIT 'TIL I TELL HER

PIERRE.
POOR ANDREY

MARYA D.
AND WHEN ANDREY COMES HOME
HE WILL CHALLENGE ANATOLE TO A DUEL
AND GET HIMSELF KILLED
AND ALL WILL BE RUINED

YOU MUST GO SEE YOUR BROTHER-IN-LAW
AND TELL HIM THAT HE MUST LEAVE MOSCOW
AND NOT DARE TO LET ME SET MY EYES ON HIM AGAIN

PIERRE.
AT ONCE

Chapter 11

22. "FIND ANATOLE"

PIERRE.

ANATOLE, FIND ANATOLE
ANATOLE, FIND ANATOLE
THE BLOOD RUSHES TO MY HEART
IT'S DIFFICULT TO BREATHE
ANATOLE, FIND ANATOLE
ANATOLE, FIND ANATOLE
NOT AT THE ICE HILLS
NOT AT MATRESHKA'S
NOT AT KOMONENO'S
ANATOLE, FIND ANATOLE
ANATOLE, FIND ANATOLE
TO THE CLUB

AND AT THE CLUB ALL IS GOING ON AS USUAL
THE MEMBERS EAT THEIR DINNERS
AND GOSSIP IN SMALL GROUPS

PIERRE & CHORUS.

HAVE I HEARD OF KURAGIN'S ABDUCTION?
IS IT TRUE NATASHA IS RUINED?

PIERRE.

NONSENSE, NONSENSE
NOTHING HAS HAPPENED
EVERYTHING IS FINE

(Pierre's house.)

ANATOLE.

NATASHA
NATASHA
IT IS ESSENTIAL THAT I SEE NATASHA
HOW CAN I SEE HER?

HÉLÈNE.

ANATOLE, COME ANATOLE
ANATOLE, HUSH ANATOLE

(Marya D.'s house.)

NATASHA.

WHAT? WHAT?
I DON'T BELIEVE THAT HE IS MARRIED
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU
AND I STARE LIKE A HUNTED WOUNDED ANIMAL
HE CAN'T BE MARRIED!

(Pierre's house.)

SERVANT. *(To* **PIERRE.***)*

GOOD EVENING SIR
PRINCE ANATOLE IS IN THE DRAWING ROOM WITH THE COUNTESS

HÉLÈNE.

AH, PIERRE
SWEET HUSBAND
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT A PLIGHT OUR ANATOLE HAS HAD

PIERRE.

BE QUIET
I WILL NOT GREET YOU
AT THIS MOMENT YOU ARE MORE REPULSIVE TO ME THAN EVER

ANATOLE, COME ANATOLE
ANATOLE, MUST SPEAK TO YOU

ANATOLE.

ANATOLE FOLLOWED WITH HIS USUAL JAUNTY STEP
BUT HIS FACE BETRAYED ANXIETY

PIERRE.

PIERRE CLOSED THE DOOR AND ADDRESSED ANATOLE WITHOUT LOOKING AT HIM

23. "PIERRE & ANATOLE"

(During this scene, **NATASHA** *prepares to poison herself.)*

PIERRE.

YOU PROMISED COUNTESS ROSTOVA TO MARRY HER AND WERE ABOUT TO ELOPE, IS THAT SO?

ANATOLE.

MON CHER
I DON'T CONSIDER MYSELF BOUND TO ANSWER QUESTIONS PUT TO ME IN THAT TONE

PIERRE.

MY FACE, ALREADY PALE
BECOMES DISTORTED BY FURY
I SEIZE YOU BY THE COLLAR WITH MY BIG BIG HANDS
AND I SHAKE YOU FROM SIDE TO SIDE
UNTIL YOUR FACE SHOWS A SUFFICIENT DEGREE OF TERROR
WHEN I TELL YOU I MUST TALK TO YOU!

ANATOLE.

COME NOW, THIS IS STUPID!
WHAT WHAT DON'T DON'T!

PIERRE.

YOU'RE A SCOUNDREL AND A BLACKGUARD
AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT DEPRIVES ME OF THE PLEASURE
OF SMASHING YOUR HEAD IN WITH THIS!

(He takes a heavy paperweight and lifts it threateningly, but at once puts it back in its place.)

DID YOU PROMISE TO MARRY HER?

ANATOLE.

I DIDN'T THINK OF IT
I NEVER PROMISED, BECAUSE –

PIERRE.

HAVE YOU ANY LETTERS OF HERS?

ANY LETTERS?

I SHAN'T BE VIOLENT, DON'T BE AFRAID

*(***ANATOLE** *hands* **PIERRE** *a pack of letters.)*

FIRST, THE LETTERS
SECOND, TOMORROW YOU MUST GET OUT OF MOSCOW

ANATOLE.

BUT HOW CAN I?

PIERRE.

THIRD
YOU MUST NEVER BREATHE A WORD OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED BETWEEN YOU AND THE COUNTESS
NOW I KNOW I CAN'T PREVENT YOUR DOING SO
BUT IF YOU HAVE A SPARK OF CONSCIENCE –

PIERRE PACES THE ROOM SEVERAL TIMES IN SILENCE

ANATOLE.

ANATOLE SITS AT A TABLE FROWNING AND BITING HIS LIPS

PIERRE.

AFTER ALL, YOU MUST UNDERSTAND
THAT BESIDES YOUR PLEASURE
THERE IS SUCH A THING AS OTHER PEOPLE, AND THEIR HAPPINESS AND PEACE
AND THAT YOU ARE RUINING A WHOLE LIFE
FOR THE SAKE OF AMUSING YOURSELF!
AMUSE YOURSELF WITH WOMEN LIKE MY WIFE
WITH THEM YOU'RE WITHIN YOUR RIGHTS
BUT TO PROMISE A YOUNG GIRL TO MARRY HER
TO DECEIVE, TO KIDNAP
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND THAT THAT'S AS CRUEL
AS BEATING AN OLD MAN OR A CHILD?

ANATOLE.

WELL I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT, EH?
I DON'T KNOW THAT AND I DON'T WANT TO
BUT YOU HAVE USED SUCH WORDS TO ME
"SCOUNDREL" AND SO ON
WHICH AS A MAN OF HONOR

I WILL NOT ALLOW ANYONE TO USE

PIERRE.

IS IT SATISFACTION YOU WANT?

ANATOLE.

YOU COULD AT LEAST TAKE BACK YOUR WORDS, EH?
IF YOU WANT ME TO DO AS YOU WISH

(**NATASHA** *drinks the poison.*)

PIERRE.

FINE I TAKE THEM BACK, I TAKE THEM BACK!
AND I ASK YOU TO FORGIVE ME
AND IF YOU REQUIRE MONEY FOR YOUR JOURNEY–

ANATOLE.

ANATOLE SMILED
THE REFLECTION OF THAT BASE AND CRINGING SMILE
WHICH PIERRE KNEW SO WELL IN HIS WIFE
REVOLTED HIM

PIERRE.

OH, VILE AND HEARTLESS BROOD!

ANATOLE.

NEXT DAY ANATOLE LEFT
FOR PETERSBURG!

Chapter 12

24. "NATASHA VERY ILL"

SONYA.

NATASHA VERY ILL
THE WHOLE HOUSE
A STATE OF ALARM AND COMMOTION
NATASHA VERY ILL
HAVING POISONED HERSELF
WITH A BIT OF ARSENIC
SHE WOKE ME IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT
AND TOLD ME WHAT SHE HAD DONE
AND THE DOCTORS
AND THE ANTIDOTES
AND NOW SHE IS OUT OF DANGER
BUT STILL SO WEAK
AND ANDREY IS TO RETURN
WE WAIT WITH DREAD

25. "PIERRE & ANDREY"

*(**ANDREY** visits **PIERRE**.)*

ANDREY.
WELL, HOW ARE YOU?
STILL GETTING STOUTER?

PIERRE.
THERE'S A NEW WRINKLE
ON YOUR FOREHEAD OLD FRIEND

ANDREY.
IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU
I'VE BEEN AWAY TOO LONG

PIERRE.
MY FRIEND, YOU ARE IN NEED
YOUR FACE IS GLOOMY

ANDREY.
NO, I AM WELL
THERE'S A WAR GOING ON

FORGIVE ME FOR TROUBLING YOU
I HAVE RECEIVED A REFUSAL FROM COUNTESS ROSTOVA
AND HAVE HEARD REPORTS OF YOUR BROTHER-IN-LAW
HAVING SOUGHT HER HAND
OR SOMETHING OF THAT KIND
IS THIS TRUE?

PIERRE.
SOMETHING OF THAT KIND

ANDREY.
HERE ARE HER LETTERS
PLEASE GIVE THEM TO THE COUNTESS

PIERRE.
NATASHA IS ILL
SHE HAS BEEN AT DEATH'S DOOR

ANDREY.
I MUCH REGRET HER ILLNESS

PIERRE.
AND HE SMILED LIKE HIS FATHER

COLDLY, MALICIOUSLY

ANDREY.
WELL, IT DOESN'T MATTER

PIERRE.
YOU TOLD ME ONCE
A FALLEN WOMAN SHOULD BE FORGIVEN

ANDREY.
BUT I DIDN'T SAY THAT I COULD FORGIVE
I CAN'T

YES, ASK HER HAND AGAIN
BE MAGNANIMOUS, AND SO ON
YES, THAT WOULD BE VERY NOBLE
BUT I CAN'T BE THAT MAN
IF YOU WISH TO BE MY FRIEND
NEVER SPEAK OF THAT AGAIN

WELL, GOODBYE

*(**PIERRE** takes the letters to **NATASHA**.)*

Chapter 13

26. "PIERRE & NATASHA"

PIERRE.

NATASHA WAS STANDING
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DRAWING ROOM
WITH A PALE YET STEADY FACE
WHEN I APPEARED IN THE DOORWAY
SHE GREW FLUSTERED AND I HURRIED TO HER
I THOUGHT THAT SHE WOULD GIVE ME HER HAND
BUT INSTEAD SHE STOPPED
BREATHING HEAVILY
HER THIN ARMS HANGING LIFELESSLY
JUST IN THE VERY POSE
SHE USED TO STAND IN AS A YOUNG GIRL
WHEN SHE WENT TO THE MIDDLE OF THE BALLROOM TO SING
BUT THE LOOK ON HER FACE WAS QUITE DIFFERENT

NATASHA.

PETER KIRILOVICH –

PIERRE.

PIERRE

NATASHA.

PRINCE BOLKONSKY WAS YOUR FRIEND –
HE IS YOUR FRIEND
HE ONCE TOLD ME THAT I SHOULD TURN TO YOU

PIERRE.

PIERRE SNIFFED AS HE LOOKED AT HER, BUT HE DIDN'T SPEAK
'TIL THEN HE HAD REPROACHED HER, AND TRIED TO DESPISE HER
BUT NOW HE FELT SUCH PITY FOR HER
THAT THERE WAS NO ROOM IN HIS SOUL FOR REPROACH

NATASHA.

HE IS HERE NOW

TELL HIM TO –
TELL HIM TO FORGIVE ME

PIERRE.

YES, I WILL TELL HIM TO FORGIVE YOU
BUT, HE GAVE ME YOUR LETTERS –

NATASHA.

NO, I KNOW THAT ALL IS OVER
I KNOW THAT IT NEVER CAN BE
BUT STILL I'M TORMENTED BY THE WRONGS I'VE DONE HIM
TELL HIM THAT I BEG HIM TO FORGIVE, FORGIVE
FORGIVE ME FOR EVERYTHING

PIERRE.

YES I WILL TELL HIM, TELL HIM EVERYTHING
BUT –
BUT I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW ONE THING
DID YOU LOVE
DID YOU LOVE THAT BAD MAN?

NATASHA.

DON'T CALL HIM BAD
BUT I DON'T KNOW, I DON'T KNOW AT ALL

PIERRE.

SHE BEGAN TO CRY
AND A GREATER SENSE OF PITY, TENDERNESS, AND LOVE OVERFLOWED PIERRE'S HEART
HE FELT THE TEARS BEGIN TO TRICKLE UNDERNEATH HIS SPECTACLES
AND HE HOPED THAT NO ONE WOULD SEE

WE WON'T SPEAK OF IT ANYMORE
WE WON'T SPEAK OF IT, MY DEAR
BUT ONE THING I BEG OF YOU, CONSIDER ME YOUR FRIEND
AND IF YOU EVER NEED HELP, OR SIMPLY TO OPEN YOUR HEART TO SOMEONE
NOT NOW, BUT WHEN YOUR MIND IS CLEAR
THINK OF ME –

PIERRE GREW CONFUSED

NATASHA.

DON'T SPEAK TO ME LIKE THAT
I AM NOT WORTH IT

PIERRE.

STOP, STOP, STOP!
YOU HAVE YOUR WHOLE LIFE BEFORE YOU –

NATASHA.

BEFORE ME? NO, ALL IS OVER FOR ME!

PIERRE.

ALL OVER?

(Music stops.)

If I were not myself,
but the brightest, handsomest,
best man on earth,
and if I were free –
I would get down on my knees this minute
and ask you for your hand
and for your love.

(Music resumes.)

NATASHA.

AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MANY DAYS
I WEEP TEARS OF GRATITUDE
TEARS OF TENDERNESS
TEARS OF THANKS
AND GLANCING AT PIERRE
OH PIERRE
I LEAVE THE ROOM SMILING

PIERRE.

AND RESTRAINING TEARS OF TENDERNESS
TEARS OF JOY WHICH CHOKE ME
I THROW MY FUR COAT ON MY SHOULDERS
UNABLE TO FIND THE SLEEVES

OUTSIDE, MY GREAT BROAD CHEST
BREATHES IN DEEP THE AIR WITH JOY
DESPITE THE TEN DEGREES OF FROST
AND I GET INTO MY SLEIGH

27. "THE GREAT COMET OF 1812"

PIERRE.

WHERE TO NOW?
WHERE CAN I GO NOW?
NOT TO THE CLUB
NOT TO PAY CALLS

MANKIND SEEMS SO PITIFUL
SO POOR
COMPARED TO THAT SOFTENED, GRATEFUL LAST GLANCE
SHE GAVE ME THROUGH HER TEARS

CHORUS.

IT WAS CLEAR AND COLD
ABOVE THE DIRTY STREETS
ABOVE THE BLACK ROOFS
STRETCHED THE DARK STARRY SKY

PIERRE.

THIS VAST FIRMAMENT
OPEN TO MY EYES
WET WITH TEARS

CHORUS.

AND THERE IN THE MIDDLE
ABOVE PRECHISTENSKY BOULEVARD
SURROUNDED AND SPRINKLED ON ALL SIDES BY STARS
SHINES THE GREAT COMET OF 1812
THE BRILLIANT COMET OF 1812

PIERRE.

THE COMET SAID TO PORTEND
UNTOLD HORRORS
AND THE END OF THE WORLD

BUT FOR ME
THE COMET BRINGS NO FEAR
NO, I GAZE JOYFULLY

AND THIS BRIGHT STAR
HAVING TRACED ITS PARABOLA
WITH INEXPRESSIBLE SPEED
THROUGH IMMEASURABLE SPACE

SEEMS SUDDENLY
TO HAVE STOPPED
LIKE AN ARROW PIERCING THE EARTH
STOPPED FOR ME

IT SEEMS TO ME
THAT THIS COMET
FEELS ME
FEELS MY SOFTENED AND UPLIFTED SOUL
AND MY NEWLY MELTED HEART
NOW BLOSSOMING
INTO A NEW LIFE